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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Better than any speech any Unionist can make is the announcement of the malign bargain between Liberals and Irish. It is exact and explicit. Home Rule for years has not been quite definitely on or quite definitely off the Liberal platform. Now it is as much a plank as it was in '86 or '93. Every Liberal must walk it. If Mr. Asquith's statement in his Albert Hall speech does not bring every Unionist to the poll, nothing can. It is a direct and dreadful menace to the Empire.

Still three more weeks of election oratory—it is a horrible prospect for the country. During the past week everybody, on the Liberal side at any rate, seems to have made a series of speeches. The Prime Minister may be an honourable exception. He appears not to have spoken since the Albert Hall performance on Friday; but then such heavy pieces as he fires, charged with great round shot, need a vast deal of loading and priming. As for Mr. Churchill's speeches and Mr. Birrell's and Mr. Ure's and so forth, one has lost all count of them. The truth is, it is the same old speech dressed up again and again for different meetings.

A man is not going to exhaust himself out of his own constituency, unless the baits are large, by inventing a new speech at each meeting he addresses. Even the nobler Radical may value his own constitution above the British Constitution. We knew of a case lately where a north-country parson was staying in a south-country village when suddenly he found that there was a great call on his services as preacher. Three neighbouring parsons asked him to preach in their respective villages. Wishing to get the duty done within a single day, he preached morning, afternoon

and evening. He took Balaam as his text and read the same sermon at each church. Hence he is known as Balaam in the district, and we imagine there are a good many Balaams engaged in electioneering just now.

When Lord North was shown a list of the generals who were to lead the British troops in the war with America he said “I know not what effect these names will have on the enemy—they fill me with alarm”. A thought of the same kind may well come to people who observe Mr. McKenna and Dr. Macnamara standing forth just now as the leaders of the British Navy. Whatever effect these names may have on the enemy, they fill us with alarm. At Southend, where he has been electioneering, Mr. McKenna makes a list of the big ships he is building in a way that reminds one of a boy playing with his popguns; whilst Dr. Macnamara assures us that things are all nice and safe “under the White Ensign”. What is so ludicrous as a lord-high-admiral manner in a party politician of the successful clerk type?

There have been two speeches this week of interest and freshness—those of Mr. Burns and Lord Curzon. Mr. Burns is not going to the Port of London, despite all the gossip. He certainly should be there. He has the weight and distinction which, to tell the truth, are a little to seek in the present holder of the office. But Sir Hudson Kearley does not see the fun of budging for Mr. Burns or anybody else. So Mr. Burns has come out once more as the bruiser of Battersea. But he is not the bruiser he was. He has been to school at the Local Government Board and has grown too responsible—and we rather suspect too Conservative at heart—to play the game well for Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. He is a very cool admirer of the Budget—a short time ago he was, we think, not an admirer at all. He prides himself on his administrative record. He has worked far harder—in his office—than any other Minister. He has run the Local Government Board, whilst Mr. Churchill has succeeded in running himself and Mr. Ure has tried to run the party. All three have gone in for a big “screw”; Mr. Burns, however, has chosen not only to pocket but to earn his.

In short, Mr. Burns has been too openly virtuous for a long while past, and he is out of favour with his side. So he has gone into the fight without fervour, and we should not be surprised if he is really shaken severely in this contest. He has carried through the Town Planning Act, a measure of statesmanship, but what do the Hébertists of Battersea care for such a thing as that? What they want is swag. He might quote Mr. Lyttelton in his favour, and other Conservatives as well as the Conservative papers. But this would not withhold a single Unionist vote from Mr. Benn. When the election comes we must all forget our friends on the other side—it must be a dead cut.

For the rest there was a point or two in Mr. Burns' opening speech which may be recalled after the election. He said he did not think much of Back to the Land—the people who have left the quiet country for the live city are not likely to return. That is absolutely true. Of all hollow cries, Back to the Land is hollowest. It amuses us to find Mr. Burns and Lord Lansdowne in the same galley for once.

The Liberal press appears delighted with Lord Curzon's bold speech at Oldham—it is full of admissions which are to be used with much effect against the Unionists. We think they are welcome to the admissions. As if the election were going to be decided by fine analyses and weightings of argument! By putting the case for the House of Lords at its maximum Lord Curzon is doing a good service. He has proved himself so far the most valuable speaker on the Unionist side. He may by habit dwell on Olympus, but the gods have a way sometimes of coming down with effect among the common people.

The Radical papers are making a great mistake about the platform speeches of what they call the "Wild Peers". They seem to think they are scoring off them by reporting the original and racy parts of their speeches. The fact is these Peers of unconventional language are taking on, as we said they would, with popular audiences who know there may be a very good fellow behind a "bad word" and a very bad one behind a good. The affinity between the aristocrat and working men (proper) is notorious. When Lord Mansfield was at the Bar he was told by his clerk that a lady had called while he was out. "Who was she?" asked Mr. Murray. "I don't know", the clerk said, "she would not give me her name; but she did swear so she must be a lady of quality."

No lawyer ventures to say the Lords has not the legal right to reject a Budget Bill; not Mr. Asquith nor the Lord Chancellor nor Mr. Haldane who have admitted it. Lord Lindley, in his second letter to the "Times" of Tuesday, recalls that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville in 1861 made no distinction between legal rights and constitutional rights when they stated that the Lords could always reject even a Budget Bill. To those who say that the House of Lords cannot exercise the legal right, and refer to the analogy of the Crown's "veto", Lord Lindley points out that this power can still be exercised quite constitutionally on the advice of a Minister. His defence to impeachment would be that the country supported his advice, the King having dissolved Parliament for the purpose of submitting the question to it.

This is exactly the defence of the House of Lords as to the Budget. It cannot be impeached, as the Minister could be, if it mistakes the opinion of the country, but neither can the House of Commons, supposing the country is against the Budget. The Constitution has to assume that both Houses will do their best according to their lights, and in this instance they are like the King, they can do no legal wrong. It has been replied to Lord Lindley that no Minister under the present Cabinet system could conceivably give the advice supposed. Why not? An individual Minister may act and must refrain from acting in law just as if the Cabinet were not invented.

Mr. Markham M.P., it seems, did not say that "the Bentincks even robbed the Crown by seizing the Royal Forest of Sherwood". But he admits he said that the Duke of Portland is enjoying a large mineral income owing to the Enclosure Acts passed in the Mansfield district during the last century. There is a suggestio falsi here, perhaps due to the ignorance or recklessness which is so common amongst political speakers like Mr. Markham. The Duke of Portland's agent informs him of what he ought to have known—that the Enclosure Acts did not give the mineral rights to lords of manors. They already owned the minerals under the old English laws, and the Enclosure Acts gave them no rights over the minerals which they did not possess without them.

Mr. George had better stick to theory. He should never run his head against a concrete case—especially of his own making. Cardiff Castle is a concrete case. Mr. George said that the castle pays less in rates than "the small tailor's shop next door". The small tailor's shop turns out to be a large emporium, and next door proves to be 380 yards away in the heart of the city. Mr. George, therefore—very weak this—writes to explain. The small shop covers an area of 470 square yards, he says. But the explanation is itself a misstatement. The premises with their accessories to which he now refers, cover not 470 square yards, but 992. These points no doubt only relatively affect the merits of the question at issue, but they will certainly strengthen Mr. George's dislike of the dukes. Incidentally they afford a clue to the methods by which the Budget was compounded.

The Government and the Admiralty will have to meet Mr. H. H. Mulliner's challenge, or judgment must go by default against both. Mr. Mulliner apparently gave offence to the Admiralty, and was victimised accordingly, on account of his discovery nearly four years ago of the extraordinary arrangements Germany had made for building a navy that should surpass our own. He offers to give £100 to anyone who first obtains a categorical reply from a responsible Minister to the question "At what date were the Government first aware of the enormous acceleration for the production of armaments which commenced in Germany at the beginning of 1906, and which is admitted by Mr. McKenna to have been going on continuously ever since?" Under the present Government our naval supremacy has been imperilled, and the situation is now, says Mr. Mulliner, graver than ever. And the full facts on which action might have been taken were before the Admiralty in 1906. Were the Government informed?

It would be strange if Tariff Reformers were not confident; converts are made almost hourly. Sir John Turner, the Liberal alderman and leather manufacturer of Nottingham, has thrown over the associations and economic beliefs of a lifetime because he sees no chance of solving the problem of the unemployed except by tariff reform. He is one of many industrial leaders who at last look the facts fairly and squarely in the face. This is particularly the case in the motor trade. Mr. Harvey du Cros complains of the competitive advantage the foreigner enjoys in our markets. Tariff reform is the remedy. Mr. Scott Leefe says that if tariff reform comes, the French house of the De Dion-Bouton Company will pay the duty only till such time as they can transfer their factory to England. Mr. S. F. Edge foresees the dumping of American cars at an early date unless we have tariff reform. If the Americans are allowed to throw their surplus unchecked on the English market, Mr. Edge will transfer his business to the United States—and his firm pays £150,000 a year as wages. Tariff reform is insistent whichever way we turn.

The valour of the Labour party in boasting its independence of the Liberals seems to be oozing out of its fingers, judging by what is happening in Northumberland. Messrs. Burt and Fenwick ought to be

opposed by a Labour party man, as they have refused to sign the Labour party Constitution. The miners indeed voted for a Labour man being put up to oppose them; but Messrs. Burt and Fenwick have talked the Council of the Miners' Association over. On the pretext that there is not time for any other candidature, they have sent the question back for another ballot. This is a weak submission to two Liberals most opposed to the Labour party, and if the miners have no more backbone than the Council there will be no three-cornered fight for the Morpeth and Wansbeck Divisions and Messrs. Burt and Fenwick will be returned, to the greater glorification of the Liberals and the nullification of the Labour party.

Sir Christopher Furness' co-partnership scheme, during the nine months it has been in operation, has given perfect satisfaction to the company. It comes up again just now through a letter from the secretary to the employé shareholders inquiring if they are equally satisfied, as the company wish to go on with it. The answer of the men, whatever it may be, ought to be valuable as indicating whether or not this kind of arrangement between employers and employed is likely to spread. During the nine months there have been no disputes at the Hartlepool yards. Orders have been executed without trouble or delay, in striking contrast to what has previously occurred; and it is because the company desire to have the like security for future orders that it now applies to the men. The fact that the employé shareholders receive a dividend of nine per cent. on their shares ought to be of weight in their reply.

French Socialists have been exhibiting a lack of competence to talk on social problems not confined to the fraternity in that country. M. Ruau, Minister of Agriculture, has had to instruct them on one or two matters. The small landholder is not dying out in France. Far from being crushed by the capitalist, he is doing better than anybody else in the breeding of stock and in market-gardening. Besides, why should the Socialist grumble, even if the peasant were being extinguished? It is just these small landholders that stand between the Republic and the Utopia of M. Jaurès. If a nation wishes to have an army at its disposal against the time when the Socialists sound the advance, let that nation foster the small holder and plant that army on the land.

The Paris papers did their talking in subdued tones about the German Chancellor's reference to Alsace-Lorraine. If the Alsace-Lorraine question no longer exists (as the Germans are glad to fancy), a troublesome chapter of history is closed. The question existed before France and Germany were nations, and France still sees in it a Western question to put beside those of the East. One thing is certain, France cannot in nature view Germany's "conciliatory" policy towards the Lorrainers as well meant for herself; and we do not expect her to meet Germany in these provinces with a very good grace. We only hope that she may keep some dignity, and induce hot-heads to think a little before they speak. It is poor exercise gnashing one's teeth at what cannot be helped.

The German Chancellor has undoubtedly strengthened his position by the speeches he has made since the Reichstag assembled. His tone was dignified and his matter conciliatory, and the German public are now convinced that, despite his previous lack of diplomatic experience, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is determined to exercise his influence in shaping the policy of the Empire. In a few days' time he is to start for Rome, and great importance is attached to a visit following so closely on the Racconigi meeting. It is now felt that the Chancellor will acquit himself with firmness and tact, and do all that is in his power to ensure the loyalty of the new Italian Ministry to the Triple Alliance.

Quite a pretty quarrel is now in progress between the States of the German Empire. The Constitution pro-

vides that inland navigation is free, but the Prussian Government has come forward with proposals for shipping tolls, the proceeds to be devoted to the improvement of the rivers and canals. This is all very well for Prussia, which is certain to profit by any expenditure, since all the rivers debouching into the North and Baltic Seas pass through Prussian territory. The other States, on the contrary, feel that Prussia is likely to reap all the profits while sharing the loss. Accordingly, the Governments of Saxony and Baden have taken the strong step of publishing a joint memorandum of protest. Their association is significant, for whereas Saxony is concerned only with the Elbe, Baden is interested in the Neckar, which is a tributary of the Rhine, and Prussia might have hoped to succeed in playing off one against the other. Her hope has been disappointed, and her whole policy has given rise to one of those scares of "Prussianisation" to which the federated Governments are always liable.

In Austria-Hungary the racial issue stands behind all political questions. The annexation of Bosnia last year turned many Serbs into Austrian subjects and brought Vienna into the closest touch with the Pan-Serb movement. The failure of Hungary to govern Croatia has embittered feeling still further, until to-day the mere fact that a man has a Servian name is regarded as presumptive proof of disloyalty. During the past few months the authorities have chosen to bring matters to a head. First they put fifty-three distinguished Serbo-Croatians on their trial for high treason. The proceedings dragged on for many weeks, and though a few convictions were secured the episode scarcely reflected credit on the Austrian Government.

To justify the proceedings at Agram, Dr. Friedjung, an historian of repute and a strong German, was commissioned, apparently by the chiefs of the Foreign Office, to write a series of articles in a Viennese paper. The politicians attacked have brought a libel action against him, and have certainly made out a strong case. Dr. Friedjung relied on what purported to be the minutes of a Pan-Serb organisation. The president of this body, Dr. Markovitch, who is a professor of Belgrade University, has voluntarily come forward to give evidence. His case is that the records of minutes are obvious forgeries, since he was attending a juristic conference in Berlin at the very time when the minutes represent him as presiding over a group of conspirators at Belgrade. Should his evidence be confirmed, and there seems no reason to doubt its truth, Dr. Friedjung, and the Government which inspired him, will be gravely discredited. The case, however, is not yet at an end, and other sensations may be in store for the public. As is usual in political trials, the attitude of the presiding judge has come in for much criticism.

Of King Leopold it can hardly be said that he should have died hereafter. A man of extreme energy and of ability, he played, of course, a prominent part. History will not be able to ignore him; it will be difficult to forget him. But the later years of his life were not the best. The Congo was not the only shade upon them. There are some domestic differences that cannot be the affair of the family alone. This is not the moment to attempt an historical estimate of the second King of the Belgians; but his epitaph can hardly be "We could better have spared a better man".

A Parliamentary "crisis" is soon settled when the Government has a Cromwell waiting at the door for it. This is what has happened in Turkey, though we are grandly told by some papers that the constitutional Government has emerged from the crisis with credit. The Cabinet made the question of a fusion of two steamship companies a matter of confidence; and lost by a large majority. But its resignation would not suit the convenience just now of the Committee that controls the army, and within a few hours the matter was brought up again and the first decision reversed by an

equal majority. This is the farce of Parliamentary government, but so-called Parliamentary government must be this in Turkey; though English papers pretend to be serious about it.

Sir Alfred Jones is a loss to the Empire. He has died at a moment when affairs would have been profoundly interesting to him. None ever did more for those parts of the Empire with which he was more directly connected. He flung much of his energy and not a little of his wealth into the work, which Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary initiated, of developing our neglected estates beyond the seas, and both the West Indies and West Africa owe him more than is generally known. For the sake of the much-tried West Indies he sacrificed a great deal, and to him was chiefly due the successful inauguration of the British Cotton Growing Association. Big shipper as he was, he shared none of the fears as to the effect Tariff Reform would have on the British mercantile marine.

If Mr. Salting was a miser, he was not miserable in his three rooms over the Thatched House. It was certainly strange—a better word would be “unnatural”—for a man with a collection of works of art worth more than a million to live in three rooms. But he enjoyed life in his own way; and he built a truly magnificent gift to the nation. The nation at any rate must not criticise Mr. Salting's conception of a happy life and the enjoyment of wealth. He knew how to use his money better than most millionaires.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood was a journalist of dignity and public spirit. He searched for good copy as keenly as any journalist, but he had taste, discretion, a sense of responsibility; these are qualities not invariable among “the writing sort”. Mr. Greenwood had not anything in the nature of genius: he dwelt in the safer regions of talent.

If Captain Loose and Mr. Dunkle—Arcades ambo—were speaking truth Doctor Cook is absolutely incompetent to discover the Pole. He is not able to make the necessary observations to prove his claim. In any case, Loose and Dunkle are a couple of rascals: Loose especially a clever one. The story they told to the “New York Herald” is that Loose made all the observations which would be made up to the Pole, Cook's own observations being mere rubbish. Loose even invented a set of chronometers with different rates according to Greenwich time. He is a humorous rascal too. When he handed over his observations he remarked that he guessed he was entitled to be considered the discoverer of the North Pole.

According to the story the two men were to have £800, and it is because Cook has not paid that they have given him away. If Cook does not go against them and the “New York Herald” for libel he will have to disappear permanently, as he has already disappeared temporarily. He is supposed to have sent the proofs to Copenhagen. Loose is so confident of his ability that he declares the Danish scientists could find no flaw in them. The whole question depends, then, not on the proofs as such, but on the relations of Cook, Loose, and Dunkle. Astronomers are not the best judges of this, though they might, perhaps, by viva voce examination of Cook find out whether he is or is not competent to make the observations he has sent in. If he is not, the observations must have been cooked by Loose. But the latest is that Loose has confessed that his story is a lie from beginning to end.

The time has really come to end the hansom-cab agony. The rickety old cabs that still linger on the streets, the rickety hacks that jolt them along, the forlorn drivers—London has little use for them, little save abuse. The taxicab is the one cab—with a few growlers—that is wanted to-day. But we are not quite so sure about the virtues of the taxi's drivers. They are beginning to growl already if one does not give them two shillings when their taximeter says one and eightpence.

EXORITUR CLAMOR.

IN the din of speeches it will soon be impossible to distinguish the voice of any particular speaker, no matter how brilliant he may be. The great men, to indulge in a rather odd comparison, will be like the thrush or the nightingale singing undistinguished in the hubbub of chirps and cheeps around them. If only there were any resemblance between a politician's note and the worst of songbirds! To the concert of the parrot-house an election campaign may very well be compared, barring the beauty of the birds. He must be a great adept in parrots who could distinguish the scream of one macaw from another in the general noise. We seize the opportunity of doing this before the whole multitude of cockatoos, parrots, parakeets and lorikeets join in. At present Lord Curzon is able to make his voice heard far above the crowd, not drowned even by the call to arms of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith or the piping plaint of Lord Rosebery. The fight and life this “effete oligarch” is putting into the attack is quite splendid. He has never been more effective. The Government election-advisers did not quite reckon with the extra energy the peers were going to throw into this fight. To hide their chagrin they are now pretending to make a huge joke of every peer's speech. Peers are not professional politicians, and because they have something to say and do not say it in the common form of the political hack, the Radical papers are puzzled. They know no language but that of the journalist, and a man who does not talk as the journalist does must necessarily talk ridiculously. It reminds us of certain Americans who think it “funny” when an Englishman talks English without a twang. The amateur is not as slick as the professional, but none the less in most things he is a great relief from the professional. In a few days the man who goes to meetings will know the stereotyped speech on both sides by heart and will give up listening after the regulation speaker's first words. But the “backwoods peer” he will still find quite refreshing. We hope every Unionist peer in the country will come out and speak. He is worth much more to us than the paid orator; and the Radicals have no similar force. They do not want it, of course; they thank their stars they have nothing of the kind. Nobody ever does want what he cannot get. All the same we observe that every one of their wretched remnant of peers is trotted out by the Radical electioneers whenever they get the chance. Yet not quite every one. Lord Courtney of Penwith would put out the fire of any meeting.

Very foolishly Liberals are making their whole campaign turn on the Lords, and very wisely Unionists are helping them to do this. There was a time when these purely political questions did interest people in this country very much; but the interest has died with the spirit that was behind it. That mid-Victorian prig, the intelligent Liberal youth, generally a mechanic or junior clerk, who read Mill and talked Bentham, or what he took for Mill and Bentham, is happily dead. Socialism has done much to kill him, and we thank socialism for it. Since his decease men have cared much more for social realities than for political forms. Lord Rosebery's Government owed its ignominious end largely to popular sickness of barren negation, such as the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The working man is not such a fool now as to be content with injuring others: he wants to benefit himself. This Government is not so blind to facts as was Lord Rosebery's, and has given a good deal of time to substantial social work. But now it is foolish enough to undo the good effect of this by taking its stand on a purely political question of constitutional form. It would be difficult to imagine anything more sterile than the promise of Mr. Asquith's programme. Disestablishment of the House of Lords, a Home Rule Parliament for Ireland, Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and a Franchise Bill, mainly as a sop to the women. Not a single vital matter that can touch the daily life of the people. Tariff Reform is, at any rate, a very living issue; it bears directly on the question of unem-

ployment. Mr. Asquith's programme has nothing to compare with it in practical significance. It will not be very difficult to make working men see that if they give Mr. Asquith the power to go through with his programme, social reform must wait for many a year. Apart from merit, the Lords question alone will take him most of his time; and then Home Rule for Ireland; and then Welsh Disestablishment; and then a Franchise Bill. How will this strike the man who already has a vote but nothing else? Will the unemployed man enjoy seeing the time of Parliament given up to Irish politics or Welsh Nonconformity? Mr. Asquith's speech will do us a great service. It puts his party on the defensive; he even represents his designs on the Lords as defensive in essence; and he appeals to the people to quit themselves like men for—constitutional dogma. The effect of this is to shift the centre of gravity from the Budget to the Lords. It is no use saying that the overthrow of the Lords is the necessary prelude to the Budget. People may be mostly fools, and Liberals may be no better than others, but they are not fools enough, whether Liberals or Conservatives, to believe that they cannot get the Budget without destroying the Lords, when they know that the utmost the Lords could do, if the country wanted the Budget, was to hang it up till next February, when every tax it contained would be re-enacted and made retrospective. So far as the Budget goes, if the country wants it, the position next March will be in every respect the same as if the Lords had passed it. Is anyone such a fool as to get excited about a few weeks' delay as a violation of popular rights? Only the enthusiastic Radical. Others will think something quite different. They will be thinking that the real cause of the Government's fury against the Lords is not that they hung up a Budget which the country wanted, but that they made it impossible to pass a Budget which the country may not have wanted. That was their real offence. Evidently Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are both very doubtful of the result of this election (as every sane man must be), and are proportionately sick that the Lords prevented the Budget going through without taking the risk of an appeal to the people. The little game was spoilt.

Lord Curzon's speech at Oldham showed how easy the Lords' case is to argue; though not to argue as well as he did. There is so much "merits" in it that a speaker can never be grounded for want of matter. Any comparison of personnel shrivels into nothing all Mr. Lloyd George's rhodomontade. Take almost any head of distinction you like, the House of Lords comes out much better than the House of Commons. Take law: Mr. Lloyd George, the provincial solicitor, is hardly the equal of Lord Collins, say. If this is unfair, take either Law Officers: neither Sir William Robson nor Sir S. T. Evans would claim to be the equal as lawyer to one or two of the Law Lords. Or finance: Mr. Lloyd George, in his other capacity, is hardly equal to Lord Welby or Lord Milner. At least, officials in the Treasury, who have to explain to him some of the elements of finance, hardly think so. Or take letters: even the brilliant Mr. Belloc or Mr. Mason is hardly equal to Lord Morley. There is something sublime in a Lloyd George putting down all these men "as effete".

And that stock piece for Liberal wit, the hereditary element, it is strange how well it comes out by comparison. How many of the peers that have got to the House otherwise than by heredity would be there but for their money? Had they been brilliant but poor, they might have been waiting at the gate of Paradise still, like the expectant Radicals Lord Curzon described. But the brilliant though poor hereditary peer has the House of Lords open wide to him; no other brilliant but poor man finds either House open to him. Heredity thus keeps a way open for brains without much money. The truth is, any given number of men will have an average number of brilliant sons, of able sons, and of stupid sons. The hereditary plan secures them all for the House of Lords. No brilliant hereditary peer can be lost to the country, and his environment and traditions give him every chance. The fools mostly leave public life alone. What other system does the sifting better?

We note a new version in superior Radical circles of the constitutional position of the Lords as to Finance Bills. The cry once was that in no circumstances could the Lords be justified in rejecting a Finance Bill. Lord Morley gave that away in the Lords' debate. Now we find the "Westminster Gazette" too admitting that situations might arise in which it would be the Lords' duty to reject a Finance Bill. It would still be unconstitutional; but the Lords would be justified in violating the constitution. This is surely the escape of a man hard pressed for a way out. But it does not help him very much. Whether you call it violating the constitution justly, or using a constitutional power, if you admit that there may be circumstances in which the House of Lords would be justified in rejecting a Finance Bill, the whole question becomes solely one of discretion. The constitutional argument goes. The only question is, Were the Lords right? If they were right, who will care to inquire whether they were constitutional? But it is just this constitutional point which makes Mr. Asquith's whole case.

TO UNIONIST FREE TRADERS.

WE have always been struck by the disparity between the individual ability of the Unionist Free Traders and the corporate stupidity of their actions. If ever a group of clever men played their cards badly, surely it is the members of the Unionist Free Trade Club. Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord James, Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. G. S. Bowles, and Mr. F. Lambton are all able and experienced politicians; they had an old-established cause to defend; and yet what a poor fight they have made! Compare their position with that of the Peelites, who revolted against Lord Derby and Disraeli, and who all became Cabinet Ministers! To be sure, the Peelites went over to Palmerston in the end, and the Unionist Free Traders cannot bring themselves to go over to Mr. Asquith, which is not to be wondered at. But one would have thought that they might have got together some sort of organisation, and put forward some candidates besides the gentlemen mentioned above, to whom, by the way, must be added Mr. Charles Seely, who persists in standing for Lincoln. Of course, it is not for us to complain of the weakness of the Unionist Free Traders. None the less, their failure to make any sort of position for themselves in the political world is one of the most astonishing facts in the period of transition through which we are passing.

We are not, however, concerned with the careers of three or four thoughtful and eloquent protestants—they are well able to take care of themselves. We are thinking of the men in the constituencies who share their views, inconsiderable indeed in numbers, but entitled to respect as educated, if somewhat perverse, adherents to an impossible attitude. For if one thing has finally demonstrated the impossibility of the Unionist Free Traders' existence as a political party, it is the advice addressed to them on the eve of the election by the Unionist Free Trade Club. That advice is to use their own discretion as to voting, but to do nothing which can imperil the Union or Free Trade! As the Prime Minister has authoritatively made Home Rule one of the planks in the platform, the Free Trade Unionist is in this cruel dilemma—that if he votes for the Radical candidate he is supporting Home Rule; while if he votes for the Unionist candidate he is voting against Free Trade. The pundits of the Free Trade Club might just as well have told the unhappy man to square the circle. It may be said that the Unionist Free Trader was in the same dilemma at the General Election of 1906. But that is not so, for not only was Home Rule not in the programme, but it was well understood that during this Parliament, at all events, it would not be brought forward. The patience of the Irish Nationalists is, however, exhausted. They say, naturally enough as men of business, "We have supported you British Socialists through one Parliament, in which you have had your chance of reforming the

universe and clearing the way for Home Rule. That you have failed in everything you have undertaken, and are now laying the blame on the House of Lords, is none of our business. We will help you, certainly, to down the House of Lords, but only on condition that Home Rule is to be one of the first measures in the new Parliament". Some such language as this must have been held to Mr. Asquith by Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon, and was the "causa causans" of that passage in the Albert Hall speech. So that no Unionist Free Trader can lay the flattering unction to his soul now, as he did in 1906, that his abstinence from the poll will not really endanger the Union.

It is impossible not to sympathise with a conscientious man in such a plight. If he does not vote at all, he is guilty of what Pericles declared to be the greatest crime of a citizen, indifference. "Indifference", exclaimed that statesman, "is the only thing we do not tolerate in Athens". How then shall the Unionist Free Trader vote? We will not repeat Hume's advice, of two evils choose the less, because we will not talk of Tariff Reform as an evil for anyone. We will ask the Unionist Free Trader to ask himself seriously, What is my obvious duty as the citizen of an empire? We beseech him to consider (as Cromwell besought his Scotch theologians to consider) the possibility of his being mistaken on so complicated a question as the reform of the tariff. The wisest and most experienced men, professors of economics and practitioners of trade and finance, differ in this country and in all countries about fiscal systems. Further, we would remind our Free Trade Unionist that a fiscal system is a matter capable of annual adjustment and correction. If you make a mistake in 1910 you can put it right in 1911. About Home Rule there is no doubtfulness of issue: and there is no retracing your steps. To vote, therefore, for Home Rule in order to escape Tariff Reform is to vote for something you know to be wrong in order to avoid something as to which you cannot be certain whether you are right or wrong. Surely no serious, we had almost said no sane, man can hesitate when confronted by this alternative. We know, indeed, that there are some men who believe that a tariff on foreign imports would be a greater evil than Home Rule for Ireland. These are the bigots of a commercial theory, with whom it is as useless to reason as it is with fanatics of any creed. It has been well observed that when a man is inflamed against a doctrine, the more clearly you prove to him its merits or its innocence, the angrier he becomes. But the number of Free Importers of this complexion is happily small. The majority of those who are unconverted by Tariff Reform are much more afraid of Home Rule and Socialism. We are sorry to play upon their fears; we would rather rely upon their convictions. But as they cannot by any political gymnastic obey the orders of the Unionist Free Trade Club, let them for once sink the doctrinaire in the patriot.

LORDS AND LIBERAL BILLS: THE FACTS.

WHAT are the facts as to the Lords rejecting Bills sent up from a Liberal House of Commons during the present Parliament? In the first session (1906) it is noteworthy that, beyond a Water Provisional Order Bill, the House of Lords negatived only two measures in which the Liberals or the Labour party were interested. On second reading they threw out the Plural Voting Bill and an Aliens Bill. The former they did not denounce in principle, but argued that, when its provisions were made law, they should be part of a wide and general scheme of electoral reform. Briefly it aimed at compelling a man who lived in one place and worked in another to give up his double franchise and make his choice between the two. This would form quite a legitimate section in a genuine and comprehensive Reform Act, but, standing by itself, it seemed to the Peers to embody the spirit of class legislation. Its character was in their eyes rendered specially invidious because the University franchise, the one constitutional privilege enjoyed by persons of higher educa-

tion, was treated as on the same basis as a faggot vote. But in rejecting Mr. Lewis Harcourt's measure the leaders of the majority made it plain that they would in the future be prepared to reconsider a scheme which at present was inadmissible because one-sided only, redressing anomalies favourable to one party, and ignoring those which told for the other. The Aliens Bill, also thrown out in 1906, was of Trade Unionist origin, and proposed to forbid the entry of foreign workmen during an industrial dispute. There was a good deal to be said for this Bill, but it was a great innovation on existing usage, and could only be justified if the Labour and Capital of the United Kingdom should agree together to build up a ring-wall against external competition.

If, however, the Lords killed no other Bills in 1906, they performed a series of drastic and dangerous operations upon Mr. Birrell's education measure. So severe was the surgery that the patient did not survive. But formally it owed its death to its author. Nor must we forget that it might have been saved if at the last moment, when a compromise over the Lords' amendments was all but reached, the Nonconformist leaders had not intervened. No Churchman can do other than rejoice at the loss of a Bill mischievous even in its improved shape; and that the changes introduced at the instance of Lord Lansdowne and the Archbishop of Canterbury were not altogether repugnant to Liberalism is proved by the fact that, whether for good or ill, they were revived in Mr. Runciman's ill-managed scheme for an "agreed Bill". Let us then sum up the legislative results of an exceptionally controversial session. The Bills passed by both Houses were one hundred and twenty-one; and only three of those approved by the Commons came to grief, or four if the Education Bill be included, in the Lords; while fifteen Bills from the Lords were rejected by the Commons. Moreover, in Private Bill legislation (where the Commons habitually waive their privilege) one hundred and fifty-two were passed by both Houses, and only one from the Commons was thrown out by the Peers.

The history of 1907 was less eventful. It was largely occupied, the curious may remember, with talk about Irish Devolution and with the Campbell-Bannerman resolution against the House of Lords. The two Chambers together, however, got through one hundred and sixteen Bills, and only two from the Commons were lost in the Upper House—the Land Values being rejected on second reading, and the Small Landholders Bill for Scotland being dropped on a motion to adjourn the debate. It may be remembered that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman graciously exonerated the Peers from blame as to the first of these measures—they had not been given time to study it. Seven Public Bills which had got through the Lords were thrown aside or otherwise maltreated by the Commons. The Private Bill record was one hundred and twenty-three passed by both Houses and one rejected by the Lords.

The work of 1908 was overshadowed by the impending doom of the Licensing Bill, of which we will say nothing more than that it does not lie with Radicals to taunt the Lords with having thrown it out on second reading. They had threatened to claim privilege against every amendment proposed in the Upper House. The other measure killed was the revived Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill. Its fate was due to the untiring exertions, inside and outside Parliament, of the same statesman who thinks that the Peers should have accepted the Land Clauses in this year's Budget. The total legislation of this year was one hundred and twenty-nine Public Bills passed by both Houses. The number might have been increased by one if the Commons had not declined to consider the Lords' amendments to the Land Values (Scotland) Bill. Nine other Bills from the Lords miscarried in the Commons, but one hundred and ten Private Bills were safely conducted through both Houses, one only being sacrificed by the Lords.

In the session just prorogued, of the measures promised in the King's Speech six received the Royal Assent, two were withdrawn, and one only was

rejected by the Lords. The London Elections Bill was thrown out for substantially the same reasons as the Plural Voting Bill in 1906. The Welsh Disestablishment Bill was put aside by Ministers because they had no time to proceed with it. The same reason may be pleaded, though with less excuse, for the fate of Mr. John Burns' Dairy Bill. But the Irish Universities Bill, the Irish Land Purchase Bill, and the Housing Bill were all very important and, in detail, highly controversial measures. In all three cases the draft had been scamped in the Commons and improved in the Lords. Most of the amendments were, however, either rejected or watered away, and in the Development Bill a very innocent proposal from the Upper House was ignored because the Speaker felt bound to call attention to a supposed breach of alleged privilege. Beyond question the Lords submitted to very considerable sacrifice of their opinions because they were anxious not to provoke a constitutional crisis. To the list of sessional casualties must be added the County Courts Bill withdrawn at the end of August, and the Small Dwelling Houses (Scotland) Bill, which with certain useful reforms embodied a rather crude form of interfering paternalism. It finally died in the House of Commons because the Government would not agree to the Lords' amendments.

THE RESURRECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

LESS than four years ago San Francisco was an utter ruin—a waste of riven steel, shattered stone, desolate, appalling. To-day it is almost entirely rebuilt, nearly every trace of the earthquake and fire has disappeared, and the new city, according to American standards, is handsomer than the old. The celebration of this resurrection, begun in October, is not yet ended. This week there were elaborate festivities in connexion with the reopening of the Palace Hotel—that caravanserai described by so many travellers, centre and symbol of the wealth and luxury and pride of the most attractive city of the United States. Nevertheless San Francisco is now a city shamed, a byword among the cities of the world. Rescued for a short time from a gang of "grafters", who outdid even the Philadelphia "ring" in shamelessness, in hideous greed, in ruthlessness, in trafficking in human souls, San Francisco has now, deliberately, knowing well what it means, chosen to be ruled by men who come from the same class and hold the same political opinions as Eugene Schmitz and his crowd of Labour Union ruffians; men who have openly declared their sympathy with Schmitz, "Abe" Ruef, and the others whose crimes horrified the world. There will again be a Labour Union Mayor in San Francisco, a man whose campaign "slogan" was "San Francisco the Paris of America", who was a "political schoolmate" (as the Americans say) of Ruef and Schmitz. There will again be a Labour Union Board of Supervisors, Labour Union officials in every department. The city has made its choice, and already Los Angeles, Portland, and other cities of the Pacific coast are congratulating themselves on the opportunities they will have of profiting at the expense of "gang-ruled" San Francisco. For three years half a dozen courageous men have been fighting against the Ruef-Schmitz gang of "grafters". These men struggled against enormous odds. In the earlier days of the campaign they risked their lives every time they went into the streets. One of them was shot, another was kidnapped in daylight in the middle of San Francisco, was taken by force to a railway station, and was only saved by chance from being carried, in defiance of all law, to Los Angeles, where it had been arranged he was to be put into prison, or otherwise "got out of the way"—murdered. The home of one of the Reformers' witnesses was destroyed by a bomb. It has been an extraordinary fight, of interest to all, in America and elsewhere, who hate "graft", who care for public virtue and public service. The war had not been ended at the time of the municipal election last month; some few battles had been won, many had been lost. Now,

by the decision of the voters, the three years' work is thrown away and the Reformers have been defeated by immense majorities. Mr. Francis Heney, Mr. Roosevelt's friend, who prosecuted Schmitz, Ruef, and other "grafters", was a candidate for the office of District Attorney. The votes given to him were 9000 fewer than those given to his opponent. The new Labour Union Mayor is Mr. P. H. McCarthy, who in his speeches made no secret of his sympathy with Schmitz, and promised the voters a "wide-open town"; everyone who has lived in the United States knows what that means. Only four members of the Reform Board of Supervisors were re-elected; the fourteen others are Labour Union men.

It is hardly necessary to tell again in detail the story of Mayor Schmitz, "Boss" Ruef, the corrupt police (many of them ex-convicts), the "boodling" Supervisors. English newspaper readers know what the "Municipal Crib" meant, know of the "Twinkling Star Development Company", the "Hotel Nymphia", and other (just printable) details of the record. They know how the City Hall gang bled all classes of the community, from the bootblack and pickpocket to the railway company and gas corporation, how it made million on million by the most elaborately organised systems of "big graft" and "small graft" ever evolved. The proprietor of a saloon, a gambling-house, a "French restaurant", any establishment which required "protection", was made to "give up" directly, but also in many indirect ways. He must buy his wines and spirits from a firm in which the boys were interested, paying high prices for bad goods. His cigars and cigarettes had to come from another concern owned by the grafters. Even his glassware must be purchased from the "right" people if he did not want his place raided. And "Abe" Ruef, the little, mean-looking, shabby, French-Jewish lawyer, who was the dominant figure in the gang, and of whom Schmitz was the willing slave—all have heard of him and his ingenious method of obtaining, under the guise of "counsel's fees", great sums of money from the persons who wanted favours from the city. They have read of his flight, his capture, the thousands of legal quibbles he and his lawyers employed to defeat the ends of justice; the weary trials, the ultimate conviction, the sentence passed twelve months ago of fourteen years in the gaol at San Quentin. Schmitz was convicted too, but soon got out of prison on legal technicalities, and was (and is) acclaimed in the streets by the admiring San Franciscans. It is a safe bet that Ruef will soon be out too.

Now, if Mr. McCarthy carries out his promises, the "French restaurants" will reappear—those unique establishments, the first floors respectable, quite decent citizens dining there with their wives and daughters; the upper floors—well, one cannot go into details. Also, it is to be supposed, the "pool-rooms" and faro banks will no longer have to take precautions against raids; in the dens of Chinatown will be conducted mysterious, unspeakable trades; the "Barbary Coast" will again be an Occidental Yoshiwara; "slot-machines" at every corner will tempt his last "nickel" or "quarter" from the ruined gambler, the errand boy, the out-of-work clerk. San Francisco will be "wide open"!

What is the meaning of this deliberate choice of evil? For that is what it is, though no imputation of "graft" has been made against Mr. McCarthy, who is head of the San Francisco Building Trades Council, and the other elected officials have clean records so far. It is a choice of evil because the election was fought on the question whether the citizens did or did not want reform, decency, honesty. They have declared against reform, and have put into office men of the same class as the Schmitz Supervisors. A queer lot these were, "very clusterfisted lubbers", as Tom Coryat would have called them—"Mike" Coffey, a cabman; "Jim" Kelley, a piano-polisher; "Tom" Lonergan, the driver of a baker's cart. The new Supervisors have just as little experience as that extraordinary "outfit"—again to use an Americanism. San Francisco wanted to be "wide open", and the Reform leaders were hated. In 1907 and 1908 the hatred of the "Prosecu-

tion"—as the Reform leaders were called—was indescribable. It showed itself among all classes, from the millionaires in the Pacific Union Club to the workmen travelling in the ferry-boats. Even the conservative and excellently edited "Argonaut" ended by joining the cry against Mr. Spreckels and his associates. It is not necessary to discuss the question of the good faith of the Reformers. They may have been over-bitter in certain cases, but their intentions have been honest throughout. The fact remains that San Francisco has voted for "graft", and the election is fatal to municipal reform in the United States. It is far more significant of corruption than a Tammany victory in New York. A large proportion of the voters in New York are ignorant foreigners, but a San Francisco election expresses the will of a population of normal American citizens.

"Drop down, O fleecy fog, and hide
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride.
Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy grey mantle cloak her shame.
Then rise, O fleecy fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days."

When will they come, these days Bret Harte looked for?

THE THOMPSON APPEAL.

THE duty of an English law court is to interpret not criticise, still less to make the law. The fact that an Act of Parliament produces grotesque or evil results is a most excellent argument for its repeal. It is no argument whatever for treating it as a dead letter. Last Saturday the Court of Appeal, consisting of the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, and Lord Justice Farwell, delivered judgment on the meaning of the first section of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Act 1907. Their Lordships' judgments were lengthy, learned, laborious and verbose. They dealt with countless matters—parliamentary draughtsmanship, theology, rights of conscience, rights of laymen, rights of parishioners, "Fathers of the Church of England", excommunication, canon law, international law, and many more suchlike things. And at the end of all, their lordships declared that Parliament did not mean what it had said in the Act, but something quite different.

The Act says: "No marriage heretofore or hereafter contracted between a man and his deceased wife's sister, within the realm or without, shall be deemed to have been or shall be void or voidable, as a civil contract, by reason only of such affinity". Dealing with the words "as a civil contract", Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton declared that they were equivalent to the words "for all purposes". To justify this construction he opined that "for all purposes known to the law marriage is a civil contract and nothing but a civil contract". This until last week was not even the law of the Divorce Court. "Marriage", said Lord Penzance, when the validity of a Mormon marriage came before him in the case of *Hyde v. Hyde*, "has been well said to be something more than a contract religious or civil—to be an institution. It creates mutual rights, as all contracts do, but beyond that it confers a status." If words mean anything, the Act of 1907 means that the Legislature refused to persons who contract a marriage under its provisions the status of married people and gave them only such rights as they may claim under a valid civil contract.

Extraordinary as was Lord Justice Moulton's explanation of the first clause of the Act, the construction put upon its first proviso by the Master of the Rolls was even stranger. The proviso which follows the sentence in the Act which we have already quoted runs thus: "Provided always that no clergyman in Holy Orders of the Church of England shall be liable to any suit, penalty or censure, whether civil or ecclesiastical, for anything done or omitted to be done by him in the performance of the duties of his office, to which suit, penalty or censure he would not have been liable if this Act had not been passed". The explanation of the Master of the Rolls is expressed in the following portentous sentence: "To hold that the clergyman is at liberty

to act in the performance of the duties of his office generally as if the Act had not been passed is, in my opinion, impossible". In other words, the Master of the Rolls solemnly affirms that the Legislature declared that if a clergyman in the performance of the duties of his office acts generally as if the Act had not been passed he shall be liable to suits, penalties and censures, civil or ecclesiastical. It is not a coach and four that has been driven through the proviso. The Master of the Rolls takes upon himself to excise it from the Act because it does not agree with his views. The chief reason for this extraordinary conclusion was their Lordships' fears of producing grotesque consequences. It terribly shocked their sense of propriety that Parliament should positively order them to enforce even as civil contracts marriage relationships that were contrary to the law of God. Could Parliament, they asked themselves, have ever intended to place such grotesque folly on the Statute Book of a respectable and Philistine community? Impossible! And yet if their Lordships had only for a moment cast their eyes on the Table of Degrees as it stands in their judgment after the passing of the 1907 Act they would have realised in a moment that it is idle to say that Parliament did not deliberately introduce into our marriage law grotesque and blasphemous absurdities. As the law, expounded by the Court of Appeal, stands, the man who goes through a form of marriage with his deceased wife's sister is a sober, pious and conscientious son of the Church of England, whose marriage is agreeable to the law of God and the Church, and who has the amplest right to participate in every Christian privilege. A man who conscientiously believing it to be right goes through a form of marriage with the daughter of the sister of his deceased wife is not only the breaker of illogical civil statutes: he is an offender against the law of God and an open and notorious evil liver whom it is the duty of the parish priest to denounce from the pulpit and to repel from the Lord's Table. To think that any human being can regard a marriage with a deceased wife's sister as agreeable to the law of God and one with her daughter as contrary to it is insanity. On the other hand, it is quite easy to conceive that the Statute Book of an illogical nation may regard both marriages as religiously wrong, and yet may validate the one and not the other as a civil contract. But their Lordships gave a judgment which practically means that any clergyman may preach the blasphemous folly that the law of England, when it rides roughshod over logic, common sense and common decency by making a man's union with his dead wife's sister holy matrimony and with her niece incestuous concubinage, is the law of God.

The initial mistake, which has led the judges of the Court of Appeal into a morass more hideous than the one in which they believed that a strictly literal construction of the Act would have plunged them, arose from their usurpation of the functions of the Legislature in troubling their heads about the shock that British respectability would receive if they came to the opposite conclusion. It is fair to add that their difficulties were increased by the inconsistent provisions of the Act and the ridiculous legal fiction which forces the Courts to regard the Church of England as if it were literally the nation on its ecclesiastical side. The general idea that underlay the miserable statute is well known. It was an attempt to alter the law of the State without modifying the law of the Church. Unfortunately, instead of stating plainly that so far as the spiritual privileges of Churchmen, clerical and lay, were concerned the law remained unaltered, the protecting proviso was so framed as to deal only with the obligations of those clergymen who refuse to abandon their ordination vows at the bidding of Parliament, a secular assembly. Construed in its natural meaning, the proviso gives to these clergymen adequate protection. If its language be compared with the corresponding provision in the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857, the theory of the judges that it applies only to matters connected with the solemnisation of these marriages cannot hold water. When Parliament wished to do nothing for a clergyman except to excuse him from solemnising the

marriage of an adulterer or adulteress, it said so in plain language. If, as the judges imagined, Parliament had only in this instance wished to protect the priest from proclaiming the banns, solemnising, or allowing his church to be used for, such a marriage, it could and would have said so clearly. The fact that under the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Act a clergyman is exempted from any penalty for any act done or omitted to be done by him in the performance of his duties would have suggested to any legal mind, save one occupied with considerations not of law but of policy, the idea that the Legislature desired to protect the clergyman not in one but in all the duties of his office. Still, the manner in which the proviso was framed was unfortunate. It threw upon the counsel for Canon Thompson the necessity of basing their case on the injustice to the individual conscience of the clergyman which would result if he was forced to administer the most sacred rite of the Church to persons openly defying the Church's law, rather than on the insult to the Church involved in the interference of a secular Legislature with the power of the Keys. An argument on this line made it possible for Lord Justice Farwell to shut his eyes to two centuries of history and to talk as if he were a churchwarden of Stuart days and as if Church and State were still identical. Churchmen, therefore, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Bishop of Birmingham for the clear manner in which he has placed the real issues before the Church and the nation. The Church of England, as the Bishop reminds us, never has accepted the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Act as a part of the ecclesiastical law. The Church stands where it stood before the Act was passed, on the old Table of Degrees. The Church cannot and will not allow a secular Legislature to interfere with its discipline in the matter of the Sacraments. The clergy are bound by their ordination vows to minister "the doctrine and Sacraments, and the discipline of Christ as the Lord commanded and as the Church and Realm hath received" (not as Lord Justice Moulton seems to have imagined "shall receive") "according to the Commandments of God", and they cannot break their vows. The Ecclesiastical Courts under the coercion of the traditions and precedents of three centuries may be forced to sell the pass of ecclesiastical freedom to Cæsar. The secular judges may place consideration of worldly respectability and convenience above the Crown rights of Christ. An agnostic press may rail against priests who do their duty to their parishioners. It remains for the faithful sons and daughters of the Ecclesia Anglicana to meet them all with the same Christian firmness that French Catholics in recent days showed, when they flung back in the face of the French Republic its offer of gold and dishonour. Much strife there will be; probably imprisonment for some of the priests who do their duty; the whole position of the Establishment is unquestionably weakened by this judgment; but English public opinion never acquiesces for long in religious persecution, and in the end, if the Church stands firm, the freedom of the Church will be won back.

THE CITY.

STOCK markets have been quieter this week.

Dealers have bought all the stock they consider necessary to meet immediate requirements, and the public is holding its hand until the result of the General Election is known. Considering the small volume of business, prices are well maintained—presumably because "bear" operators are loth to sell in view of the undoubted tendency of the investor to return to markets. Home railway stocks are being carefully watched, and the leading article in the "Times" of Tuesday on the revival of interest in this class of security has attracted a considerable amount of attention. The "Times" points out that much of the buying of foreign railway stocks in the last year or two has been due to the high return of interest, and that the prices to which they have been carried have so

reduced the yield that their principal attraction has disappeared. Consequently it is now possible to make a comparison with the dividends to be obtained from home railway stocks, and their greater security as to tenure of property. Attention is called to the fact that foreign railways suffer disadvantages that are not felt by our home railways, that they are equally liable to labour troubles, and that they are worried and in some cases oppressed by the authorities of the countries where they are situated. The conclusion drawn is that home railway stocks are now at a level more in agreement with the present requirements of investors and that the future will justify any purchases that may be made at current prices. The moment is opportune to draw attention to the progress made by the District and allied "tubes". In the past five months the former has obtained £21,400 more net revenue than in the corresponding period of last year. This does not mean much to the company's ordinary stock, but it materially improves the position of the prior charges and makes the 4 per cent. perpetual debenture stock look cheap at 96. An advance in the price of ordinary stock should follow as a matter of course, despite its remote chance of a dividend. The progress made by the Bakerloo, the Great Northern and Piccadilly, and the Charing Cross and Euston lines is also sufficient to attract buyers of the prior charges of all these companies. The 4 per cent. perpetual debenture stocks can all be obtained under par, or an average of ten points below the ruling prices for similar rated stocks of the leading passenger railways. We are not saying that they are on an equality, but the disparity is not justified. The stigma the "tubes" were under at their inception is now removed, and the financial management is as good as that of any of the more important railway companies. If, as is contemplated, the whole of these "tubes" are amalgamated into one company, there should be a big saving in administrative charges.

The improvement in Indian railway traffic should not be overlooked. Last year, it may be remembered, there was great scarcity of food supplies in India, and the companies not only lost traffic, but had to compensate their staffs on account of the increase in the prices of foodstuffs. In some cases the increase in expenses as a result of this charge upon the companies was very considerable, and the result was that there was very little surplus to divide over and above the guaranteed interest. This year there is a great improvement. Crops have been good, especially cotton and seed, traffics are expanding, and working expenses are no more than normal. Consequently the dividend outlook is very much better. How striking is the change will be gathered by the experience of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. At the meeting of this company early in the week the chairman said that there was every promise that the current half-year would terminate with a surplus of eight lakhs of rupees, instead of a deficit of between thirty-one and thirty-two lakhs.

A "tip" is going round the markets to buy Spies Petroleum shares, and, unlike most "tips", it seems to be disinterested. The company was formed in 1900 to acquire oil-producing land in Russia, the original capital being £700,000. Subsequently half of this was written off as lost by writing the shares down to 10s. In 1908 developments justified an increase in the capital to £500,000 in 1,000,000 shares of 10s., of which 930,000 are at present issued. Meantime large additions were made to the oil-bearing area of the company's property. In 1908 about 11½ million poods were produced, and the company returned a gross profit of £110,287, including the carry-forward and allowing for upkeep of machinery and plant. Of this about £57,000 was net profit, and a dividend of 12½ per cent. was distributed. The production has gone on increasing, and the board has declared an interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum on account of the current year payable on December 21. The present price of the 10s. share is 19s.

Whilst substitutes for rubber are still being talked of, M. Albert Mans has patented an invention which is to provide a substitute for the pneumatic tyre, and a com-

pany has been formed, called the Amans Pneumo-Suspension and Solid Tyres, Limited. If the system does what it claims to do, it means a revolution in the automobile business. The tests are said to show that there is no sacrifice of comfort, and that the solid tyre has ten times the life of the ordinary pneumatic.

Two new issues this week are the Bembesi Goldfields of Rhodesia, Limited, with a capital of £100,000, and the Vienna Motor-Cab Company, Limited, with a capital of £200,000.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

THE Law Guarantee and Trust Society, which has a subscribed capital of £2,500,000, and for nearly twenty-one years has been held in high esteem, has failed completely, and the greater part, if not the whole, of the £2,000,000 subscribed by the Ordinary shareholders will be lost. The causes are not far to seek. The business transacted by the society may be divided into two classes—the customary and the unusual. So far as the customary business is concerned, such as fidelity guarantee, personal accidents, burglary, and some classes of fire insurance, it has been successful, and these branches of the business have been sold to the Guardian Assurance Company, who have taken over the liabilities to holders of policies of this character, and have paid a sum of money for the goodwill and connexions attaching to them. This step affords most complete security to the insured, since the Guardian is one of the strongest and best insurance companies. The success of the customary business, and the fact that a first-class office could be found to undertake the liabilities and to pay for the goodwill in addition, is a significant fact. It shows that the business of insurance as usually conducted is sound, and that even when failure occurs the remedy of transfer or amalgamation is available to keep the policyholders secure.

It is the unusual business of insuring mortgages and debentures that has brought about the failure of the Law Guarantee. A frank statement of the position of the society has been made by the chairman, who is in no way responsible for the difficulties in which the society finds itself; he was invited a few months ago to take his present position in order, if possible, to avert impending disaster. One consequence of guaranteeing the capital and interest of mortgages and debentures has been that when the mortgages were called in, or the interest was not paid, the society had to take over or to realise the property mortgaged. The fall of value in properties now under the management of the society has been so great as to be almost incredible: property originally valued at £4,900,000 is estimated to produce only £1,700,000, showing a depreciation in value to the extent of nearly two-thirds of the original valuation. There are now under the management of the society ninety blocks of flats, fifty-six public-houses, seventeen hotels, six theatres, two breweries, and other properties. To lend sums running into millions on licensed and theatrical property has naturally proved an exceedingly unwise course, and it is difficult to imagine how any board of directors could have embarked on so hazardous an undertaking to so large an extent. It is a class of business that other insurance companies decline to touch, and again the significant fact is that the failure is due to business that is unusual among insurance companies.

It is necessary to emphasise the success of the customary and the failure of the unusual, since, unless this is recognised, it might be supposed that other insurance companies are unsound, which is the reverse of true. Apart from other distinctions, it has to be noted that claims under life, fire or accident policies occur, for the most part, against the wishes of the policyholders, and arise out of circumstances that are mostly beyond human control. With the insurance of mortgages and debentures it is different. Rights of foreclosure exist which are not likely to be exercised so long as people believe themselves to be fully secure. While confidence was felt in the Law Guarantee mortgages were allowed to remain, but when the security of the

society was questioned policyholders began to call in their mortgages, thus increasing the difficulties of the society, causing more questions as to its financial stability and accentuating the demands for paying off the mortgages. It is perhaps within the bounds of possibility that the society might have surmounted its difficulties but for action of this kind on the part of the policyholders: however this may be, the fact remains that the unusual business conducted by the Law Guarantee readily lent itself to the piling-up of inconvenient claims in this way, while the usual classes of business undertaken by insurance companies cannot, in the very nature of things, bring about such results. This consideration is one of the reasons for the stability and soundness of the general run of insurance companies. At one time life offices were more ready to lend money on mortgages when guaranteed by the Law Guarantee than when no such policies were available. For some time past life offices have declined to accept these policies as affording any appreciable addition to the security.

A circular issued by a large number of influential shareholders insists upon the necessity of an inquiry into the past management of the society. This inquiry is certainly necessary in the interests of everybody concerned. At the meeting of shareholders many questions were asked about the emoluments of Mr. T. R. Ronald, the manager, and his directorships in other companies, of which the chairman gave a list numbering twenty. Much was also said at the meeting about the extensive employment by the society of Mr. Ronald's son as valuer. If the shareholders attribute a loss that may run into £200,000 largely to these two well-paid officials it is quite to the interests of these gentlemen that the whole of the facts should be known. Very little inclination to blame the directors was shown by the shareholders. At the bi-weekly board meetings the transactions to be considered were so numerous that the chairman said they could not be attended to properly. It is permissible to surmise that the directors were so occupied with details that they failed to recognise the general and unsatisfactory drift of the business as a whole.

There is an uncalled liability of £5 a share on 200,000 ordinary shares: it is to be feared that the whole of this amount will have to be called up, but it should be possible to allow the shareholders considerable time for paying the calls. It is probable that the policyholders are secure, and there may prove to be something for ultimate distribution among the holders of the 500,000 fully-paid preference shares of £1 each. This, however, is largely dependent upon the nature of the settlement with the Law Accident Insurance Society, with whom there is a dispute over certain reinsurance contracts. We gather that the Law Accident not only repudiates liability under these contracts, but that it makes a claim against the Law Guarantee for the return of some money already paid. The sums in question are large, and it will make much difference to the shareholders of the Law Guarantee whether the Law Accident have to pay or be paid.

However the matter is carried out, the liquidation of the Law Guarantee will be a matter of extraordinary complexity, and will take a long time to complete. The nature of the business is such that, especially with voluntary liquidation, it will probably be possible to allow the ordinary shareholders a considerable time—possibly some years—for paying up their liabilities in full, to this extent easing, if not minimising, the heavy loss that is bound to fall upon them.

'09.

AMONG the many minor idiocies of man, his undue respect for dates is not the least. He knows of course that the year is a purely arbitrary period, invented for the benefit of—the tax-gatherer, for instance, and that any other period, if selected by the wisdom of Antiquity, would serve the turn, and would have become by now quite as familiar to him and seem as if it were a real Heaven-appointed division of time. But many

things—the importance placed on dates by his school-masters, as if the “when” of an action mattered half as much as the “how” and the “why”, the convenience to the procrastinator of being able to fix a date for improvement, like that old Duke of Norfolk who used to say, “Next Monday, wind and weather permitting, I purpose to be drunk”, and imitation—have combined to make the end of the year seem an event. No one really believes it. It would, at least, be an idiocy not “minor” at all if a man who had found the web of time homespun in 1909 should expect by unrolling it into 1910 to find it velvet.

The coming year is looked forward to with a little apprehension. Some people, a little while ago, were kind enough to hint at the possible advent of “chaos”. Chaos sounded rather interesting. It is a grand mouthful of a word, with a ring of doom about it, and it was, some thought finally, abolished so many æons ago, that one rather hoped it would seem new. But—it was difficult to find how its prophets meant to bring it about: they reminded us of Carlyle’s hen, who would not lay an egg for her dyspeptic master, sure that he would die, not foreseeing that he would wring her neck and purchase eggs at fourteen a shilling. Chaos couldn’t get itself believed in. Now, however, it appears that we are not to have “chaos”. But one change, the man who lives a fortnight longer will see, and rejoice in. If it were a change for the worse, we would leave to others the unpleasant task of pointing out its inevitability, but, as far as it goes, it is all to the good. True, it goes but a little way, but let us be thankful for small mercies.

It is this. In future, no man now alive will ever again, after 31 December next, be made angry by seeing his letters dated with that utterly asinine abbreviation of ‘09. Why—oh why!—the o? What earthly purpose did it serve? Yet, ten years ago, Post Office, business men, even some of the few private letter-writers who survive in an unepistolary age, adopted it. oo, or, o2, etc., have ploughed deep furrows in our sense of the fitting. The powers of cyphering be praised, og is the last of the baleful brood. On 1 January next “as ever is”, Post Office, business man, correspondent, must perforce return to a sensible notation and date 1/1/10. The o will leave us for ever.

True, it will come back—if men and numerals last so long, to agonise A.D. 2000. Poor posterity! Let us hope it will all be on the telephone and write and receive letters no more.

It would be interesting, had one access to a manuscript correspondence of the first ten years of the last century, to see whether our great-grandfathers used this strange unnecessary nought. Printed collections of letters do not show it. Byron’s, e.g., are dated 1805, etc. In one, however, to his sister, dated “Jan. 7th 1805” a note is added to the date “in another hand—6”, which may show that our ancestors were not such fools as to write o6.

“There was more leisure”, it may be said, “in those days. Byron could spare the time to write 1805 in full—I’m too busy.” It would be very interesting to know what is done with the time gained by these intangible savings. A business man writes, say, a hundred letters a day, saves the time it takes him to write 19 a hundred times over. How long is that? Long enough to light a cigarette? And is that how he spends the time saved, or what does he do with it? But why not save the time taken over the noughts and write 1, 2, 3 like a Christian? In two days he’d save time enough to light another cigarette.

It is a small matter—will remind many of the puff of smoke, and “These are my sorrows, Mr. Wesley”. But, however we pique ourselves on stoicism, “many small articles make up a sum”, and, with its daily, almost hourly recurrence, that idiot o has been, and will be for another three weeks, a bitter bore to all right-thinking mortals. To point out to the recipients a boon, even if it be not of one’s own conferring, is a charity—sometimes. Feeling seasonably charitable, we say to all humanity, We believe next year won’t be as bad as you fear (nothing ever is); we hope

it will be as good as you can wish, and we know, and heartily congratulate ourselves and you on the fact, that in it you will have seen the last of “og”.

“THE BLUE BIRD.”

By MAX BEERBOHM.

A FEW weeks ago, writing here about silly Signor Marinetti, I developed a theory that the thinkers who acquire in their own day a European reputation are never, in the strict sense of the word, sages. A “carrying” voice implies shouting. Shouting implies cock-sureness—contentment with one definite point of view, one set of convictions. Wisdom, of which the essence is spiritual surrender and elasticity—wisdom, that immensely complicated thing, cannot be shouted. It can only be doled out in murmurs. Murmurs don’t “carry”. Therefore—but, just as I was completing my syllogism, I had the horrid experience which always does overtake the maker of any hard-and-fast generalisation: I remembered an exception which made nonsense of my rule. It was Maeterlinck that I remembered. And, as I was rather pleased with my generalisation, and, moreover, didn’t want to have the trouble of writing my article all over again, I disingenuously suppressed that honoured name. It, however, must have occurred to many of my readers. Twenty years ago, Maeterlinck began whispering; and the whisper penetrated Europe, perfectly audible amidst the guffaws which it at first evoked. He has never, in the meantime, raised his voice; and always he has compelled the attention of us all—I mean, all of us who are not fools.

For proper appreciation of Maeterlinck, you must have, besides a sense of beauty, a taste for wisdom. Maeterlinck is not less a sage than a poet. Of all living thinkers whose names are known to me, he has the firmest and widest grasp of the truth. He more clearly than any other thinker is conscious of the absurdity of attempting to fashion out of the vast and impenetrable mysteries of life any adequate little explanation—any philosophy. He sees further than any other into the darkness, has a keener insight into his own ignorance, a deeper modesty, a higher wisdom. In his youth, the mystery of life obsessed him. He beheld our planet reeling in infinity, having on its surface certain infinitesimal creatures all astray at the mercy of unknown laws. And he shuddered. And he wrote certain plays which, as mere expressions of the pathos of man’s lot, and the awfulness of the mystery of life, will not be surpassed. Little by little, the shudders in him abated. The more a man thinks about infinity, the better does he realise that what he can grasp of infinity is but a speck, signifying nothing; and, accordingly, the more important will become to him the visible and tangible creatures and things around him. Maeterlinck began to look around him, to “take notice” with babyish pleasure, with the fresh vision of a true seer. The world seemed to him a very-well-worth-while place. Who was he to say that we had no free-will? How could he possibly know that, or anything else? If we are but the puppets of destiny, and if destiny is, on the whole, rather unkind, still there seems to be quite enough of joy and beauty for us to go on with.

Such is the point to which Maeterlinck, in the course of years, has won; and such is the meaning he has put into “The Blue Bird”, this masterpiece of his later years. An Optimist? No; he is too conscious of the sadness of things to be that. A Meliorist? He has too much sense of history, and too much sense of proportion, to imagine that the world, if seven specially selected maids with seven specially designed mops “swept it for half-a-year” or for a thousand years, would be appreciably tidier. So far as any one crude label can be affixed to him, he is just a Bonist. . . . Off go the two children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, in their dreams, to quest the blue bird, and they do find blue birds, and do catch them. True, these birds die when they are caught, or else lose their colour, or else flutter mockingly away. And, when the children awake in their

beds next morning, the bird-cage contains only their own ordinary dove. But see! he *has* turned a *sort* of blue! And bright blue he becomes when the children send him as a present to the little girl who is ill. And she, at sight of him, is made well. True, again, he flies right away out of her hands, and is lost. "Never mind," Tytil tells her. "Don't cry . . . I will catch him again." And again he will lose him. No matter. The quest, even if it were a vain one, were good enough. Sometimes in the wanderings of Mytyl and Tytil, as when the hour comes for them to set forth through the forest to the Palace of Night, there is the old Maeterlinckian note of terror. "Give me your hand, little brother," says Mytyl, "I feel so frightened and cold," and as the curtain falls, we experience that strange cold thrill of awe and pity which the dramatist so often, so cunningly, prepared for us in his earlier plays. But, for the most part, the thrills in "The Blue Bird" are of a quiet joy. Mytyl and Tytil are crouching in the grave-yard, to wait for the arising of the dead people at midnight. They talk together in whispers. The hour is at hand. The mounds quake, the graves open, a pale mist rises. Little by little, this mist gathers into masses of white, and the place is but a garden of tall white lilies. "Where are the dead?" asks Mytyl. And Tytil answers "There are no dead!" and the curtain falls. It always was in his contrivance of the ends of acts that Maeterlinck revealed the essentially dramatic quality of his genius. What of mystery and beauty these plays must necessarily lose by visual performance is always counteracted by what they gain—the special power that a true dramatist's work can never have for us except in the theatre.

Even if you happen to have an exceptionally keen theatrical imagination (which I haven't), you cannot, in reading a play, be thrilled by it so much as you may be in an actual theatre; for this reason: that there is not an audience of fellow-creatures around you, thrilled in company with you and unconsciously transmitting through you something of their own electricity. Only a theatrical performance of which you were the sole spectator, or else only a very bad performance indeed, could fail to be more impressive than a mere silent reading. (That is, if the play has, like "The Blue Bird", true dramatic quality.) The corporeal presentment of symbols and fancies is, as I have just suggested, a dangerous job. Such presentment, at best, cannot vie with the mind's images. And the perfect venue for a production of "The Blue Bird" would be some impossible combination of an actual theatre and one's own cranium.

In that actual theatre, the Haymarket, Mr. Herbert Trench has contrived a production which is, I imagine, as good as can be. The scenery is duly various according to the many moods of the play. Mr. Cayley Robinson and Mr. Sime (welcome!) and Mr. Harker have produced scenery that is always imaginative and beautiful—sometimes mystical, sometimes noble, sometimes frightening, sometimes funny, in just accord to the doings for which it is a background. And all the dresses have been designed in a not less eclectic and proper spirit. But the most remarkable thing in the production is certainly Miss Olive Walter as Tytil. Some time ago, when first I read the play, it seemed to me that Tytil would be an insuperable obstacle to anyone who might wish to put the play on the stage. For Tytil is hardly for a moment out of sight and hearing. On his shoulders rests the play's main burden. And it is essential that Tytil should be, or seem to be, a little boy, and not a day more than eight years of age. To seem on the stage like a little boy of eight is beyond the powers of any actual little boy of eight: he appears as an awful little automaton of eighty. And five minutes of him appear as an eternity. Imagine a whole evening of him! On the other hand, imagine somebody old enough to act, and to act throughout an evening, attempting to produce the illusion that he—or she—is only eight years old! That alternative "she" seemed to me, as I mused on the chances of "The Blue Bird," especially sure to be disastrous. And yet, here is Miss Olive Walter, Tytil to the life, and perfect from first to

last. She may be no longer in her 'teens for aught I know; but, as she appears on the stage, she is not, in voice or gait or manner, a day more than eight; and is a boy, at that; as absolutely a boy as Mytyl is a girl. Who would have believed it?

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

A CURIOUS feature of the theatrical world which one cannot notice without approval is the fashion in which so many actor-managers of repute surrender their theatres to the holiday world of children at Christmas. Pieces which are being played to paying houses are withdrawn or transferred elsewhere simply in order that the young folk may have a good time, although, in point of fact, the lessee or manager of the theatre is as often as not a considerable loser by the transaction. Plays for children were once upon a time a very paying business—long ago, in days before every man and woman with a typewriter and three or four fairly new nursery anecdotes thought they could write one and were willing to pay large sums for its production. Nowadays a considerable sum of money is lost every Christmas over these attempts to amuse the young folk. A play intended for their entertainment can be produced for about six hundred pounds, and can be run at a loss of about a hundred and eighty pounds a week. On the other hand you can spend twenty thousand pounds on its production. In one or two well-known cases the manager and author have produced their work simply and solely for the amusement of a circle of small friends, and repeated it next year for the benefit of the companions who have been told about it. The theatre world, as I say, seems to make up its mind to waste half its yearly earnings on amusing the children during their Christmas holidays.

And who can gainsay the fact that these plays and pantomimes are the ideal form of Christmas party? If you take it as a mere matter of numbers they must be the best; for, with a few rare exceptions, the small folk on the stage are enjoying themselves quite as much as their contemporaries in front. The tremendous gravity with which a Drury Lane fairy goes through its part might occasionally deceive a spectator into believing that the creature was doing work instead of enjoying itself thoroughly; but nobody who has taken a party of children to "Peter Pan" and watched their rapt, unsmiling absorption in the jokes of Smee and Starkey would make such a mistake again. His Majesty's, Drury Lane, and the Lyceum are, or shortly will be, between them employing considerably over two hundred children at their two daily performances; while the Haymarket and the Garrick have more than a hundred children engaged in the exquisite plays which they have already launched; so plenty of Christmas amusement would be guaranteed even if the auditorium of every theatre were empty. And the pantomimes of Mr. Robert Arthur—who would certainly be appointed Secretary of State for Christmas if any Government had the sense to create such an office—will shortly fill England with more delighted birds, and fairies, and cats, and demons, and flowers of whose numbers I have no idea.

Perhaps it is not till you have spent some Christmas holidays in places like Paris or Vienna that you realise the immense wealth of amusement provided for English children. I have tried to give children's Christmas parties in Paris at the theatres, and it is simply one of those things "qu'on ne fait pas"—at any rate not for a second time. The only possible proceeding is one which I have tried myself once with good effect—to see the whole piece or programme through one night, and then ask the manager, partly as an act of kindness to your guests and partly because the purchase of a considerable number of seats depends on his answer, to leave out certain portions of the aforesaid programme. When this promise is given it will be kept; but imagine the feelings of an ordinary London host who had not one single place of entertainment which he could suggest without premeditation and

elaborate preparation to a party of Christmas friends! As a matter of fact, during the first three weeks of January in London I believe one might take a collection of ten- or twelve-year-old children to any theatre or music-hall in the city with absolute indifference. That is a statement which critics of English morals might feel inclined to offer as a retort to the new Association of Libraries or to the friends of the Dramatic Censorship.

Perhaps, however, even more remarkable than the endless annual round of decent novelty in this country is the affection displayed by generation after generation of young folk for the same story told almost in the same words, dressed in the same dress, and often acted by the same people. One wonders whether there is any revolution of youthful feeling which would cause the nursery world to "strike" for long against "Aladdin" or "Cinderella", or precisely how violent a degree of revolution would follow the removal of "Peter Pan" from Christmastide. In truth there are scores of grown-up people who simply would not tolerate any other entertainment at the Duke of York's theatre just now; who go there now and again even by themselves, knowing every word of the play, seeing ghosts in the boxes and stalls of the theatre, shrinking before the outbreaks of childish applause and laughter because it was at this point in the play that some ghost-figure in this box or that group of dress-circle seats used to lean forward breathless and thrilling, and demand afterwards on what terms she might be taken to "Peter Pan" every night for a fortnight. Failing to negotiate this bargain, the person in question would employ her time in writing out the whole play from end to end from memory, or go occasionally to some fancy-dress dance, or assortment of conjurers and ventriloquists, or skating party, and wonder why on earth her relatives knew no better than to bring her to such places when she might be sitting comfortably at "Peter Pan".

I dwell on theatre parties in this fashion because at the present day they are the simplest form of entertainment in existence. For some years past Christmas hostesses have been vieing with one another in the matter of elaborating child parties, very much as they do with June dances and receptions; till the children's fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House, which was once the wonder—and amongst schoolroom guardians by no means an admired wonder—of the year, is now merely one of a score of similar entertainments, from whose hosts you "head off" your children as from a perambulating tiger. If they must go, they must; but towards the end of the evening, in the room where the younger babes are playing games, there is mostly enacted a scene of which the following dialogue (ensuing on an attempt to get up a game of "Zoological Gardens") is a specimen:

"What animal will you be, Kitty?"

"The bear, please."

"And you, Geoffrey?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, think! Will you be a snake and crawl about?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you be a lion and roar?"

"N-n-no, thank you."

"Well, what do you want to be?"

"I want to be sick."

It is quite a delusion, I am assured by a very eminent nursery specialist in the medical world, to suppose that three or four weeks of this kind of thing do a child any serious, permanent harm. Three days after his return to school the average boy who has spent his holidays in this fashion is as well as if he had passed them taking constitutionals on Worthing Parade. But where on earth does the fun of it come in for anybody? The young gentleman himself does not enjoy being sick; his mother is equally little pleased during the two following days; and the average hostess, unless she is an idiot, cannot imagine that she has made herself very popular either among her senior or junior guests. There is no person on earth more easily amused than a child. Why spend time and money and pains on making it ill instead?

MINIATURES.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

THE ASSIGNATION.

FAME singing in the highways, and trifling as she sang, with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by.

And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song to deck her forehead in the courts of Time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands, that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things.

And after a while whenever these garlands died the poet came to her with his chaplets of song, and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths, though they always died at evening.

And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her and said to her: "Lovely Fame, even in the highways and the byways you have not forborne to laugh and shout and jest with trivial men; and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you, and you mock me and pass me by."

And Fame turned her back on him and walked away; but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said:

"I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the workhouse, in a hundred years."

THE RAFT-BUILDERS.

All we who write put me in mind of sailors hastily making rafts upon doomed ships.

When we break up under the heavy years and go down into eternity with all that is ours, our thoughts, like small lost rafts, float on awhile upon Oblivion's sea. They will not carry much over those tides—our names and a phrase or two and little else.

They that write as a trade to please the whim of the day, they are like sailors that work at the rafts only to warm their hands and to distract their thoughts from their certain doom; their rafts go all to pieces before the ship breaks up.

See now Oblivion shimmering all around us, its very tranquillity deadlier than tempest. How little all our keels have troubled it! Time in its deeps swims like a monstrous whale; and, like a whale, feeds on the little things—small tunes and little unskilled songs of the olden, golden evenings—and anon turneth whale-like to overthrow whole ships.

See now the wreckage of Babylon floating idly, and something there that once was Nineveh; already their kings and queens are in the deeps among the weedy masses of old centuries that hide the sodden hulk of sunken Tyre and make a darkness round Persepolis.

For the rest I dimly see the forms of foundered ships on a sea-floor strewn with crowns.

Our ships were all unseaworthy from the first.

There goes the raft that Homer made for Helen.

TIME AND THE TRADESMAN.

Once as Time prowled the world, his hair grey not with weakness but with dust of the ruin of cities, he came to a furniture shop and entered the Antique department. And he saw a man there darkening the wood of a chair with dye and beating it with chains and making imitation worm-holes in it.

And when Time saw another doing his work he stood beside him awhile and looked on critically.

And at last he said "That is not how I work". And he made the man's hair white and bent his back and put some furrows in his little cunning face; then turned and strode away, for a mighty city, that was weary and sick and too long had troubled the fields, was sore in need of him.

THE PRAYER OF THE FLOWERS.

It was the voice of the flowers on the West wind, the lovable, the old, the lazy West wind, blowing ceaselessly, blowing sleepily, going Greece-wards.

"The woods have gone away, they have fallen and left us; men love us no longer, we are lonely by moonlight. Great engines rush over the beautiful fields, their ways lie hard and terrible up and down the land.

"The cancerous cities spread over the grass, they clatter in their lairs continually, they glitter about us blemishing the night.

"The woods are gone, O Pan, the woods, the woods. And thou art far, O Pan, and far away."

I was standing by night between two railway embankments on the edge of a Midland city. On one of them I saw the trains go by, once in every two minutes, and on the other they went by twice in every five.

Quite close were the glaring factories, and the sky above them wore the fearful look that it wears in dreams of fever.

The flowers were right in the stride of that advancing city, and thence I heard them sending up their cry. And then I heard, beating musically up wind, the voice of Pan, reproving them from Arcady: "Be patient a little; these things are not for long".

WIND AND FOG.

"Way for us", said the North Wind as he came down the sea on an errand of old Winter.

And he saw before him the grey silent fog that lay along the tides.

"Way for us", said the North Wind, "O, ineffectual fog, for I am Winter's leader in his age-old war with the ships. I overwhelm them suddenly in my strength, or drive upon them the huge seafaring bergs. I cross an ocean while you move a mile. There is mourning in inland places when I have met the ships. I drive them upon the rocks and feed the sea. Wherever I appear they bow to our lord the Winter."

And to his arrogant boasting nothing said the fog. Only he rose up slowly and trailed away from the sea and, crawling up long valleys, took refuge among the hills; and night came down and everything was still, and the fog began to mumble in the stillness. And I heard him telling infamously to himself the tale of his horrible spoils.

"A hundred and fifteen galleons of old Spain, a certain argosy that went from Tyre, eight fisher-fleets and ninety ships of the line, twelve warships under sail, with their carronades, three hundred and eighty-seven river-craft, forty-two merchantmen that carried spice, four quinquiremes, ten triremes, thirty yachts, twenty-one battleships of the modern time, nine thousand admirals . . ." he mumbled and chuckled on, till I suddenly rose and fled from his fearful contamination.

THE HEN.

All along the farmyard gables the swallows sat a-row, twittering uneasily to one another, telling of many things but thinking only of Summer and the South, for Autumn was afoot and the North wind waiting.

And suddenly one day they were all quite gone. And everyone spoke of the swallows and the South.

"I think I shall go South myself next year", said a hen.

And the year wore on and the swallows came again, and the year wore on and they sat again on the gables, and all the poultry discussed the departure of the hen.

And very early one morning, the wind being from the North, the swallows all soared suddenly and felt the wind in their wings; and a strength came upon them and a strange old knowledge and a more than human faith, and flying high they left the smoke of our cities and small remembered eaves, and saw at last the huge and homeless sea, and steering by grey sea-currents went southward with the wind. And going South they went by glittering fog-banks and saw old islands lifting their heads above them; they saw the slow quests of the wandering ships, and divers seeking pearls, and lands at war, till there came in view the mountains that they sought and the sight of the peaks they knew; and they descended into an austral valley, and saw Summer sometimes sleeping and sometimes singing song.

"I think the wind is about right", said the hen, and she spread her wings and ran out of the poultry-yard. And she ran fluttering out on to the road and some way down it until she came to a garden.

At evening she came back breathless.

And in the poultry-yard she told the poultry how she had gone South as far as the high road, and saw the great world's traffic going by, and came to lands where the potato grew, and saw the stubble upon which men live, and at the end of the road had found a garden and there were roses in it—beautiful roses!—and the gardener himself was there with his braces on.

"How extremely interesting", the poultry said, "and what a really beautiful description!"

And the Winter wore away; and the bitter months went by and the Spring of the year appeared and the swallows came again.

"We have been to the South", they said, "and the valleys beyond the sea."

But the poultry would not agree that there was a sea in the South: "You should hear our hen", they said.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW SPHERE FOR HEADMASTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,

4 December 1909.

SIR,—Recent Government statistics show that the increase in evening students under twenty-one years of age is less than one per cent., while the increase of those over twenty-one is 32.5. These figures suggest that evening schools are appealing to the adult rather than to the adolescent, and that therefore we should be careful lest we destroy the attractiveness of the school for the elder students when we undertake to compel the attendance of boys and girls in their teens.

This was, however, the subject of a former letter. May I now point out that if evening schools become compulsory there will be a good deal of additional teaching to be done, and that eventually the work in the evening schools will fall to the day-school teacher? Now the will-strain of day-school work is sufficiently exhausting in itself, and day-school teachers ought not to be tempted by the offer of relatively high pay to undertake additional work which fills time needed for recreation and self-development if the teacher is to remain efficient. But headmasters of schools are differently placed. Both in elementary and secondary schools they are unfortunately ceasing to be magistri in any real sense, for they no longer practise their chosen art, teaching. They are rapidly becoming administrators attending to the needs of the real magistri, the class masters, and filling in their spare time with clerical work. The loss resulting from this development is a double one. In the first place, the school loses the teaching power of the most experienced teacher on the staff, and, secondly, a headmaster, once having lost touch with the actual conditions of teaching, is apt to lose even the power of effective examination, if not that of effective organisation itself, the chief reason for his existence. Would it not therefore be a good thing if these well-equipped teachers were at the same time to renew their experience of actual teaching and to give the community the benefit of their skill and knowledge by taking as much as they could of the actual teaching—not organising—in the evening schools at relatively modest salaries? Veterans are required for teaching adults; and adolescence presents problems worthy the skill of the best teachers. Since, moreover, the present work of a headmaster is less exhausting than that of an assistant, and since, as a mature man, he needs less "off time" than the still-developing assistants—though by no means all assistants are juniors—the additional evening work is not so likely to injure him.

Even in the day schools he might with advantage teach more than he does. In elementary schools, faced with the problem of reorganisation under Circular 709, and in secondary schools, split into departments and sections under the influence of the specialists, the head-

master will see that there are many advantages in his again becoming a teacher; not indeed of a particular class or form—that is to chain oneself down—but of as many divisions as he can conveniently and regularly take in his own subject. By so doing not only will he be able to hold the school together, he will also gain a working knowledge of the actual value of the education given in his school, and, lastly and chiefly, he will gain a first-hand acquaintance with many more of his boys; matters surely more worth his time than form-filling and the chess game of time-table planning. If English headmasters are to retain the prestige they still enjoy, but which is really a relic of the days when schools were one-man concerns, and if they wish to avoid the ambiguity attaching to their position in Germany, they must take to teaching again.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE COMBINE AGAINST THE TWO-VOLUME NOVEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Farm Street W. 5 December 1909.

SIR,—May I, from the library subscriber's point of view, offer a word of protest against the extraordinary action of the circulating libraries in boycotting Mr. De Morgan's latest novel? The book is longer, I think, than your "Notes" of last week suggest, but the question here is not one of "quantities" or prices. The ordinary reader subscribes to a circulating library precisely in order that he may have access to certain more highly priced volumes which he could not afford to buy or which he would not care to buy without having first satisfied himself that they are worth keeping. One pays one's subscription—in advance—upon a tacit understanding that any book which may reasonably be asked for will sooner or later be procurable. Nobody, of course, expects to obtain expensive editions de luxe or books of no general interest. But it cannot be pretended that Mr. De Morgan is not in demand or that ten shillings is in itself a prohibitive cost. If the novelist had written two volumes of sociological essays or a work on philosophy or history or geography, published at a guinea, the libraries would have taken it as a matter of course. Why should a brilliant thinker be penalised because, instead of embodying his views of life in a royal octavo of stodgy philosophy, he has turned out three hundred thousand words of entertaining fiction?

I understand the plea to be that it would ultimately be to the disadvantage of library subscribers if publishers reverted to the old form of fiction in two or three volumes. But even if this were true, the libraries have plenty of means of bringing pressure to bear on the publisher who offends. As it is, the whole inconvenience is being shifted on to their subscribers. To force these last—who believed that their library subscription insured them against any such necessity—to purchase a pig in a poke if they wish to read a much-talked-of novel seems to me a high-handed proceeding which would not be endorsed by any plébiscite of the persons it is supposed to benefit.

Your obedient servant,

HERBERT THURSTON S.J.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Badminton Club, 100 Piccadilly W.

8 December 1909.

SIR,—It is rash for a mere student of Shakespeare to differ from so accomplished a doctor as Mr. Frank Harris; but I cannot believe that Henry V. is represented as a person of "extraordinary sensuality" simply because Poincarré says that he has been "lewd". "Licentious" is only a secondary meaning of that word; its primary meaning is "ignorant", and in the Bible it stands for "riotous"—"Certain

lewd fellows of the baser sort." I have no doubt that it is in this sense that Poincarré uses it. The Prince asks him why he would think him a hypocrite if he professed sorrow for his father's sickness. It would be no answer to say "Because you are a person of extraordinary sensuality"—such men being commonly quite emotional persons. I think that, on the contrary, Shakespeare meant to represent the Prince as rather exceptionally chaste. Doll Tearsheet has no attractions for him; he calls her—ironically, of course—"this civil virtuous gentlewoman", and she treats him with the greatest respect. Let Mr. Harris read again—if he does not know the passage by heart—Henry's wooing of the French Princess, and I think he will admit that no man could make love with less appearance of sensuality; yet the lady is young and, presumably, beautiful, and her manners are of the prettiest. I think, too, that Mr. Harris is rather hard on Ophelia. When the poor dear is quite mad she sings a rather (but not shockingly) naughty song that she might have learned from her nurse and only half understood; but when does she talk "lewdly"? She snubs Hamlet icily when he tries to take liberties with her. Perhaps it is with prevision of Mr. Harris that Hamlet says "Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny". When, as in the case of Jaques, Shakespeare really accused a person of licentiousness, he left no doubt whatever as to his meaning.

Yours faithfully,

H. FINLAY KNIGHT.

THE LAW GUARANTEE TRUST SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 Chepstow Villas, Bayswater, W.

16 December 1909.

SIR,—At the meeting of the Law Guarantee and Trust Society last Monday my remarks were apparently inaudible at the reporters' table, and were therefore not reported. As far as I could judge at the time, there were some people amongst those who could hear me who agreed with me. I said that I ventured to challenge the late chairman's view that the cause of the society's position to-day was the great depreciation in property. There are many people who think that a want of prudence and discretion in the management and direction of this unfortunate business is at least as much as any depreciation the cause of the present position. I quoted a case where debentures had been guaranteed and the company subsequently went into liquidation. The Official Receiver's report stated that out of the sum provided by the society's guarantee only two hundred pounds were available for working capital, and that this proved entirely insufficient. Surely this is a most damning commentary on the society's methods. To many shareholders the guaranteeing mortgages on public-houses when at boom prices and also on such a large number of flats is inexplicable, and indicates a policy in which the desire to build up a large premium income was apparently allowed to outweigh every other consideration. After the chairman's speech at the general meeting in March last one well-known company was asked what mortgages it had guaranteed on public-houses and flats, and the answer was "Two public-houses and no flats". This appears to me to be due to judgment, not to accident.

Mr. Harris in his admirable report states on page 36 "It is quite evident that the foundations of the society's business were never critically regarded". There are those who think that amongst the very eminent directors not one critical mind has been applied to the business as a whole since its inception. Speaking of the debenture-guarantee business at the general meeting last March Mr. Turner said "we regard it as a healthy and very important branch of our business". At that very time the society was acting as receiver for debenture-holders in many cases where outside opinion predicted a heavy loss. This opinion is amply confirmed by Mr. Harris' report.

At Monday's meeting I was asked to second the appointment of the committee of inspection, but de-

clined, as I considered the proposed committee too legal in character, and that a commercial mind was wanted. I am glad to see that two creditors are to be added to that committee, and hope they will be commercial men. In conclusion, I would remind the directors that it was on the faith of their reputations they were entrusted with this enormous credit, and I venture to think that the onus is on them to show that the business has been conducted with prudence. Mr. Turner last Monday offered us the sympathy of himself and his fellow-directors. Speaking for myself, I have neither asked for it nor want it, but I submit with all respect that we are entitled to ask for evidence that ordinary common-sense has been applied to the transaction of the society's business in the past.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MACIVER BUCHANAN.

THE BANKING QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 December 1909.

SIR,—Let me take Mr. Baines's points seriatim:

(1) That an increased issue of credit must raise prices. We must agree to this since an issue of credit means an issue of purchasing power. The essential and peculiar feature of a *credit* issue of purchasing power, however, is the condition of subsequent repayment, when precisely that amount of exchange medium is withdrawn from the market as was previously introduced. Prices would, therefore, again tend to the normal. Moreover, in these days of telegraphic communication, even the rumour of increased demand stimulates supply and further tends to keep prices level.

(2) That the prosperity resulting from a fall of interest here will result in a dangerous drain of gold abroad. This is the theory which has continually obstructed efforts to cheapen credit. The new school of finance admits that gold will probably flow abroad, but denies that such a drain of gold must be dangerous, or, indeed, that our internal exchange system need be based upon gold at all. Credit should be merely a system of mutual guarantee. Were we to permit the use of *circulating* substitutes for gold, i.e., banknotes, gold would flow abroad simply because it would no longer be needed here.

(3) That the issue of credit must be limited not by future, but by actual production, past and present, and that the price of such credit must necessarily fluctuate according as capital is plentiful or otherwise. Macleod's definition of credit as that which brings into commerce the present value of a future profit is more accurate, since the economic results when a borrower is enabled by the use of credit to produce value within a certain period, and when such credit merely enables him to exist until the sale of his own product, are similar. Moreover, we have even prevented the banker from regulating his advances according to the production of commodities: he must regulate his issues by the amount of his gold reserves, which reserves cannot be an index of the production of real capital in the country, since they fluctuate with circumstances entirely unconnected with production.

(4) That the flow of gold represents an export of the savings available for credit issue, and that the subsequent price of credit must therefore inevitably be raised at home. I reply that our credit system consists of a huge superstructure of paper credit, representing, however inadequately, the nation's production of commodities, the superstructure being based by our legal tender laws upon a slender gold reserve. Under a rational exchange system any export of capital abroad should be merely subtracted from the total volume of our surplus production, even though it should be exported in the form of gold. Yet, under our present system, the subtraction of each unit of gold from the basis of our credit structure obstructs the issue of fifty or more units of credit for internal commerce, the obstruction being increased snowball fashion in practice by consequent industrial bankruptcies.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY MEULEN.

REVIEWS.

THE VICTIM OF KAUNITZ.

"Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. London: Methuen. 1909. 15s. net.

THIS book is not in the strict sense a biography of Marie Antoinette. It omits, as we shall see, some important chapters in her career. It is a brilliant essay on the tragedy of the most pathetic of the victims of the Revolution, interspersed with pictorial narratives of those episodes in her life which specially interest the author. Needless to say, the subjective note is apparent throughout the volume. Mr. Belloc hates all Jews, Protestants, Freemasons, and British conventionalities, and never hesitates to show it. We cannot deny a certain sympathy with his judgment of Parliament and "British institutions". But this distinguished Liberal member should avoid mere insolence, as when he calls his colleagues the "Dunderheads" of Westminster or when he says: "The English Home Office allows criminals of a certain standing to go free rather than endanger social influences whose secrecy is thought necessary for the State; nor do we allow anyone to know what sums or how large are paid for public honours, nor always to what objects secret subscriptions of questionable origin in Egypt, for instance, are devoted". Or again: "There are others to whom cheating, intrigue, and cunning are native; such are at bottom, however high their station, the slaves, not the dictators or the helpers, of their fellow beings; they have a keen nose for the herd, they will always follow it, and it is their ambition to fill posts where they can give favours and draw large salaries. Of this sort are our parliamentary politicians to-day; from such we draw our Ministers. They have of poor human nature an expert knowledge such as usurers have and panders".

Let us now come to Mr. Belloc's subject. He rightly considers that the fate of Marie Antoinette was the fruit of the diplomatic revolution that in 1755 altered the whole Bourbon tradition by making France the ally of Austria. It is, however, idle romance to imagine that when Kaunitz allied the Empress Queen with Versailles, he was in any way actuated by religious sentiment; far less that the diplomatic revolution of the eighteenth century sprang from the religious revolution of the sixteenth. Maria Theresa may have fancied that the Seven Years War was in a sense a conflict between Protestant and Catholic Powers; but Kaunitz was the last man to have dreamed of a renewal of the policy of counter-reformation days. Mr. Belloc's favourite Minister was in truth as strong an anti-clerical as his *bête noire*, Joseph II. When Pius VI. visited Vienna, he showed the fact in an impressive way by pressing instead of kissing his Holiness' hand. It is also an exaggeration to see in Frederick II.'s annexation of Silesia "the first mere conquest of European territory which had been achieved by any Christian Power since Europe had first been organised into a family of Christian communities". Frederick's attack was, we allow, a piratical raid, but he could put forward for it the same sort of conventional excuses from ancient documents that had justified the wars of Catholic Powers on various portions of Italian soil from the days of Erasmus to the days of Alberoni. The truth is that in the eighteenth century the Chanceries of Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike, were guided by the principles of Macchiavelli. To turn to the victim of Kaunitz' diplomacy. When the line of coaches left the palace of Vienna on 21 April 1770, and the young Archduchess, now known as Marie Antoinette, took the western road for France, she had been taught nothing (she could hardly write her name properly) excepting the conventional manners of a Court. Had her good abilities been properly trained, her history might have been different. She would have understood France, and she would have known how to form a plan. That she never could form a plan is, in Mr. Belloc's view, the secret of her failure. She could neither organise nor intrigue. Of her early years as dauphine and queen he gives a sympathetic and interesting picture. The righteous if tactless protest of

a pure girl against the wickedness of the Du Barry was the beginning of her sorrows. The failure of her ardent character to conciliate her elders increased them. Despised as a child, she was hated as an adult by the King's three sisters, and it was in their drawing-rooms that the fatal name of "Autrichienne" was given to her. But her fate, according to our author, was decided in the first three years of her reign. "Children had become", he says, "a craving to her, and when in these days no child came, she took refuge in every stimulant save wine—gaming, jewels, doubtful books, masked balls." "The fever now upon her caused her always to despise and sometimes to neglect the rules that were of the essence of her position". In one sense the evils need not be exaggerated. The debts that she incurred amounted in two years to less than £20,000, and never bore an appreciable proportion to the scale of the public embarrassment. But these follies nevertheless blighted the Bourbon lilies. French Royalty was public property, as no other Royalty is or has been, and Antoinette's follies were the "mark of a million eyes, all keen to observe whatever trifle was done between midday and dawn". Yet, in spite of these early failures, there seemed a chance in 1784 that she might see happy days. The American War had given back to the Bourbons something of their military glories. Children had been born to the Queen, and the inheritance in her family appeared secure. Under Calonne's management the finances seemed to be improving. Then like a bolt from the blue there fell on the Court the horror of the diamond necklace revelations, reviving the old scandals, and building, in Napoleon's picturesque phrase, the gate of the Queen's tomb. It adds to the tragedy that the honesty of the King and Queen was the chief cause of their undoing. Knowing that they had done nothing of which to be ashamed, they insisted on an open trial for the culprits. The politicians Vergennes and Mercy would have suppressed the whole matter, paid the La Motte woman something to be off, and would have done (as Mr. Belloc truly says) what modern statesmen do in similar circumstances. From a worldly point of view at least the trial was a blunder: popular prejudice exaggerated everything that told against the Queen, and it is only in our time that the calumnies against her have been disproved.

Our author, whose account of the "affair" is at the same time accurate history and thrilling romance, presents impressive pictures of the attitude of the Queen to the coming revolution—her foolish coquetting with the spirit of insurrection in Beaumarchais' play, her reckless subsidy to Austria, her breaking of Calonne, her choice of the atheist priest Loménie for Premier, and her other follies. One thing, however, he brings out clearly. Whatever were the faults of the King and Queen, they were (this is one of the most important points to realise) as much martyrs for the Faith as was Charles the First. They believed, and for this reason they could not acquiesce in the Civil Constitution of the clergy. But the world in which they lived could not comprehend their action. Mr. Belloc may exaggerate the influence of freethinking ideas in the National Assembly. He is an Ultramontane, and will not understand that Camus and the Jansenists, cranks and fools as they were, honestly believed themselves to be restoring Primitive Christianity. But he proves clearly that the French Church, which in Paris at least bowed before the Civil Constitution, had a far weaker grip on Christian truth than the French Church that yesterday threw the associations culturelles into the face of M. Clemenceau. Mirabeau, Mr. Belloc thinks, might have saved the Crown had he lived. But he allows that neither could he understand the Queen nor the Queen understand him. The pictures of the ill-starred banquet to the Flanders regiment, when the song

"O Richard, O mon roi,
L'Univers t'abandonne"

heralded the doom of Versailles, and of the flight to Varennes are brilliant, but in the period that divides Varennes from 10 August Mr. Belloc flags. Of the Royal advisers and Ministers in the last year of the

Monarchy he hardly troubles to write the names. Actually Narbonne is never mentioned, and Bertrand de Moleville's name only once occurs.

The attack of the Jacobin insurrection on the Tuileries seems to reawaken our author's interest in his subject, and the story of the last day of the French Monarchy is told from the soldier's standpoint as it has never before been told in English. We then pass to the Temple. Mr. Belloc observes that at first the royal family were kindly treated, and he surmises that if only the war had gone well for the Republic, the Queen would have been exchanged or perhaps unconditionally released. In his view she was a hostage, a hostage who when the allies closed round Maubeuge was sacrificed in revenge for a ravaged territory. It is picturesque to see the siege of Maubeuge and the trial of the Queen on the same stage; but if the connexion between the war and the murder has been minimised by other historians, we think that in this book it is exaggerated. One may also question whether Mr. Belloc does not go too far when he assumes that the Queen was in any real sense a traitor to the French nation. Certainly she never had any sympathy with the émigrés, nor did she desire the invasion of France by the allies until a Congress had first been held. She was, it must be remembered, a child of the eighteenth century, and it must have seemed to her as natural for the Powers with the consent of the French Monarchy to combine against the Jacobins as it had seemed to all Europe natural for them some years earlier to combine against the Jesuits.

But though we may differ from him in matters of detail and smile at his extravagances, let us say in conclusion that Mr. Belloc has given us a great book—a book which everyone who desires to see the Revolution as Frenchmen see it should study. It is a great thing that one who is so little of a royalist should have so brilliantly vindicated the fair fame of the murdered queen.

THE SIN OF ACHILLES.

"Homer and the Iliad." An Essay to Determine the Scope and Character of the Original Poem. By F. Melian Stawell. London: Dent. 1909. 10s. 6d.

A GALLIS (or Anagallis, for there is a varia lectio), a Corcyraean schoolmarm, wrote a book "on the Ball", in which she attributed the invention of that sphere to her compatriot Nausicaa; she further held that the Shield of Achilles contained engraved on its surface the ancient history of Athens. Hestiae of Alexandria wrote about the Iliad, and wondered if the war took place round the actual Ilium. The triad (without prejudice to the rights, if any, of Dacieria) is completed by a Cambridge lady, Miss Stawell. The reviewer makes his best bow and sheathes his blade. Miss Stawell's book is a welcome and useful addition to the English literature on Homer. She does not carry Mr. Lang's magic pack of learning, and wants Mr. Murray's love of appropriating the lures of every wild German. Her characteristic appears to be a feeling for literature; we find in her book many true and delicate remarks upon the art of poetry. Thus she has an easy task in rapping Wilamowitz over the knuckles and hauling Kirchhoff over the coals; easy, for anyone who can read Greek and is gifted with ordinary taste can make hay, and fun, of all the Germans, and some of our countrymen too. So true is it that learning dulls the eye of the soul, even where the soul possesses that organ.

Miss Stawell is not content with liking and interpreting. She sets up as a critic herself, and seeks to determine how much of the Iliad is original, or by Homer, and how much is later. This is a different thing. One may be able to appreciate the best situations of the Iliad and the debt that they owe to their setting, and see clearly how the reconstructions in vogue detract from their force, and yet fail to realise the real conditions of poetry in the heroic age. But such a realisation is necessary, else one's critical judgment comes practically to declaring what one likes to

be original, and what offends one to be late. Mr. Murray ejects what pains him. Miss Stawell is not quite so feminine, in one case at least, for she puts Book IX., which naturally she likes, among the additions; but she betrays no general idea of what the Iliad was made out of. It is not an easy question. The data are the lays about the Trojan war, which we see in the Odyssey being sung in barons' halls at Ithaca and Sparta, and the Iliad and the Odyssey, great poems of 15,000 and 12,000 lines; these are the data, and the problem is to bridge the interval. Something existed, down to the eighth and seventh centuries, right to 600, out of which the Cypria, the Aethiopis, and the other Cyclic poems were formed. Whatever this something was, it was the same thing from which the Iliad and the Odyssey were created. Greek tradition saw a number of poets as Homer's predecessors, and gave them names which appear to us fantastic; the accounts in the Odyssey suggest a continuous and all-embracing national history in verse laid up in the heads and perhaps in the books of the Aoidoi, the professional bards. Out of which of these categories Homer made his two poems—continuous chronicle or already formed separate works—we cannot say. One lengthy specimen, however, of this kind of verse survives, the Catalogue of Ships, the oldest thing in Greek, the Domesday Book and Libro d'Oro of all later history. The state of Greece and Asia which it represents came to an end with the Dorian migration and the Ionic colonisation, and its accuracy is guaranteed in the minutest details by the latest discoveries in archaeology. In the east an Amazon on stone at Boghazkeui proves Mr. Sayce's view that they were the armed Hittite priestesses whom Priam helped the Phrygians to fight on the banks of the Sangarius; the very name (Halizones) Homer gives these Hittites is found on the cuneiform inscriptions of Van. In the west we now hear there was a Mycenaean Sparta on the left bank of the Eurotas; Strabo, Bérard and Dörpfeld have assisted each other to recover Nestor's kingdom of Pylos, ninety ships strong, with its port on the sandy shore of Triphylia, claiming the whole course of the Alpheus, and containing the home of the Mycenaean Muse. On the north-west Dörpfeld has confirmed the Homeric Dulichium by his discoveries at Leucas, though this great excavator is blind to the evidence of his own spade; in the north-east Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson find that an inspection of the Thessalian plains shows for the first time the meaning of the Homeric Baronies. When this survival from the prehomeric stratum of heroic poetry is found to be such a faithful record of fact and place, it is reasonable to suppose that the original version of the Tale of Troy, on which Homer and his successors worked, was a chronicle of real events, allowance being made for the notions of cause and effect and of the dependence of man upon God then prevalent. Events will have been recorded in their real order, and according to their relative importance. This, too, is the notion we gain from the Odyssey, where the Ithacan and Spartan bard is a kind of newsmen. Our Iliad is very unlike this. It does not narrate the important events of the war at all, and those it does tell it distorts and expands to an unreal prominence. If we compare the story of the Iliad with the same episode as it must really have happened, we get at last a criterion by which to distinguish Homer's work from his predecessors'.

What Homer did in brief was to create an Achilleis. He chose the episode in the war where Achilles quarrelled with his overlord, and expanded it till he made it the national poem of Greece. The portions of the Iliad in which Achilles is glorified are Homeric, the rest is the old chronicle. This gives the good bits to Homer, as is just; the great genius naturally surpassed his ordinary predecessor; but—and Miss Stawell has seen this—not only the good bits, but the means, generally inferior, by which they are introduced. With us poetical quality and technique coincide. It was not so in those days, the technique of construction was weak. All the machinery that immediately follows the quarrel—Agamemnon's Dream, the Marshalling, the similes: the Epipoleis, Tichoscopia, probably the Duel—are either

inventions of Homer or, like the Catalogue, brought from elsewhere. The palpable stopgaps of Book VIII. introduce the magnificent rhetoric of Book IX., wherein we see Homer absolutely at his best. His whole plan, in fact, of adaptation turns on this book. To heighten his hero's value and make his absence felt early, he emphasises the First Embassy rather than the Second; two there always were, for without the rejection of the first Achilles would have committed no sin, no Ate; to quarrel was within his right, but equally he was bound to accept terms, *δῶρα*, when offered. Like Meleager, he refused terms, set on humiliating Agamemnon to the dust; and, like Meleager, he paid the price. Though he failed in his civic duty, he allowed his heart to be touched to the extent of sending out his friend in his place. His friend fell; he then accepted terms in due form, but too late. This tragedy Homer made out of the chronicle. As Shakespeare dealt with Holinshed, Homer romanticised heroic history. So his poem lived. The conception was great; the fitting of it into the history does not escape the critical eye. But the effect justified the execution; when all else of the Tale of Troy withered, the Sin of Achilles, Homer's creation, lived.

SIR WILLIAM WARRE'S PENINSULAR LETTERS.

"Letters from the Peninsula, 1808-1812." By Lieut.-General Sir William Warre. Edited by his Nephew, the Rev. Edmond Warre. With Frontispiece and a Map. London: Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d.

IN view of the many interests of our operations in Portugal and Spain during the years 1808 to 1812, and Sir William Warre's presence, as a young officer of the staff, at most of the important battles and sieges of that period, it is disappointing that he has not more to tell us of his own personal experiences. For it is exactly in books of this description that the student of our wars at times comes across first-hand information, which throws fresh light on some contested or doubtful point and brings more vividly to the mind the actualities of our struggle in the Peninsula than the most exhaustive accounts, official or otherwise.

Yet young Warre had exceptional advantages. His father was a merchant at Oporto, and hence he had learnt Portuguese, knowledge invaluable to an officer at that time. Further, he had what was sadly lacking a hundred years ago, a fair military education. Joining the Army in 1803, he went in 1807 to the Royal Military College at High Wycombe to study for staff employment. Thanks to this, and also, no doubt, to his knowledge of Portuguese, he was taken by General Ferguson a year later on the expedition to Portugal, as A.D.C., and was at the battles of Rolica and Vimeiro. Later on he joined General Beresford's staff and was with him in the campaign of Coruña. In 1809, when Beresford was given command of the Portuguese forces, Warre, as one of his A.D.C.s, saw much of the raising and organisation of the various units and was given local brevet rank, as a British officer in the Portuguese service. Here, very probably, may lie some of the causes of the lack of anything very novel or illuminating in these letters, for Warre, as a junior staff officer to Marshal Beresford, not seldom found himself, to use his own words, in the position of "playing a second fiddle to a second fiddle". Be that as it may, the letters have the undoubted merit claimed for them by Dr. Warre of being written by the young officer to his parents "on the spot and without reserve". Yet, truth to tell, there is not much interest in his repeated references to home politics or his conjectures of the result of some action of Austria or Russia with Napoleon, for they are clearly based on the views of his uninformed military chiefs.

What is of genuine interest in these letters is his undoubted knowledge of Portuguese character and his freely expressed opinion, formed in 1809, early in the war, of the military value of Portuguese soldiers when rightly trained and well led by British officers. Never

was a forecast more thoroughly justified by subsequent events. Warre left the Peninsula in 1812 to take up staff work at the Cape, and it was over a year later, after the desperate fighting in the Pyrenees, that Wellington wrote "the Portuguese have become the fighting-cocks of the British Army". Warre also recognised the fine fighting capacity of the Spanish private soldier, and there can be no doubt whatever that, had Spanish pride permitted of it, regiments formed on the same lines as the Portuguese "fighting-cocks" would have been an enormous addition to Wellington's strength. As it was, the general incapacity of the Spanish officers and the arrogant conduct of their generals, combined with the hopeless vagaries of the Spanish Government, made all reliance on them out of the question, a fact of which Wellington had more than one bitter experience.

Few things have caused more vexation and trouble to all who have studied and written on Peninsular operations than the chaotic spelling of names and places. Wellington himself cheerily led the way by misnaming the first battle he won on Spanish soil "Roleia", whereas, as is well known, the correct spelling at the time was "Roliça", or, as some maps give it, "Roriça". It may be taken as granted that Warre's orthography, with his intimate knowledge of Portuguese, was superior to that of most British officers; yet at places we are puzzled by it, and wonder whether we have been right in spelling "Alameda" as such, or whether Warre's rendering of "Alameda" may not be right. He gives "Bussaco" as "Busaco", but this may be out of deference to his military superiors. It is the same with some Spanish names; thus he gives "Arroyo dos Molinos" as "Arroio del Molino".

His profound contempt for the Portuguese "titled and official classes" was no doubt well deserved, and his description how they habitually indulged in calculated misstatements of fact, frigid and the reverse, makes one realise that the residents of Lisbon were at least a century in advance of the present Lord Advocate. There is a good general map of Spain at the end of the book, which would have been all the better if it had not included the two degrees of longitude beyond its eastern limits and had included a similar portion on its western side, for it then would have opened clear of the text. Dr. Warre has shown a fine contempt for European geography in delineating an inland sea, some twenty-five miles in extent, in S.W. Spain, which in his map has supplanted the Isla Mayor below Seville.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

"Shakespeare Folios and Quartos: a Study in the Bibliography of Shakespeare's Plays, 1594-1685." By Alfred W. Pollard. With 37 Illustrations. London: Methuen. 1909. 21s. net.

IN his preface to this handsome volume Mr. A. W. Pollard tells us that one of the objects he has in view is to vindicate the editors of the First Folio of Shakespeare and the printers of the better Quartos from the disparagement of their modern detractors. His arguments are mainly directed against Mr. Sidney Lee, whose account of the provenance of the First Folio is submitted to rigorous and destructive criticism.

Since the text of Shakespeare began to be seriously studied, there have always been wrangles over the merits and demerits of the Folio and the Quartos. Steevens impishly delighted in vexing Malone by decrying the First Folio and extravagantly praising the Second. Horne Tooke, who knew little or nothing about the Quartos, maintained that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding"—a statement often quoted with approval by writers who shared his ignorance. Mr. Pollard distinguishes between the good and bad Quartos; but even some of the bad, mutilated Quartos preserve Shakespearean passages that are not to be found in the Folio. He is rightly severe on the tattered 1602 Quarto of "Merry Wives"; yet Theobald, the first and by far the most brilliant of the textual experts, retrieved from the Quarto's corruptions

authentic Shakespearean fragments. In the scene II. ii.) where he vainly importunes Falstaff for a loan, Pistol is made to exclaim in the Quarto, "I will retort the sum in equipage!"—a protestation that is in the true "swaggering vein of Ancient Pistol", and could never have been coined by a stenographer. Of "Richard III." Mr. Pollard observes that the text of the First Folio was founded on that of the Sixth Quarto (1622), "with additions and corrections from a transcript of the original". But there is one very notable correction that could not have been drawn "from a transcript of the original". In the scene (III. vii.) where Buckingham (as spokesman for the faint-hearted Mayor and citizens of London) presses Gloucester to assume the crown while Gloucester goes through the farce of refusing it, at last—after many rhetorical flourishes—Buckingham affects to take umbrage:

"Come, citizens; zounds, I'll entreat no more";

whereupon the demure hypocrite Gloucester reproves him with

"O do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham!"

So the passage stands in the Quartos, and nothing in the whole play is more Shakespearean. "O do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham!" In the Folio the gist and point are lost; an enactment had been passed in James' days against the use of profane language on the stage; "zounds" was adjudged to be profane; so "zounds, I'll entreat no more", was corrected by some reviser to the tame "we will entreat no more", and Gloucester's pious reproof had to be thrown out altogether. Yet some modern editors follow the Folio: O pectora cæca! It was always stimulating to hear Swinburne's scorn for these blind souls.

Mr. Pollard gossips pleasantly about Elizabethan and Jacobean printers and their methods of doing business. He has a theory of his own about the plan on which Heminges and Condell arranged the order of the plays in the First Folio—that certain plays of primary importance were to be given a prominent position, while others of secondary interest were to be relegated to comparative obscurity. His arguments on these heads we take to be mere moonshine. But on the subject of the misdated Quartos (the 1600 Roberts "Merchant of Venice", etc.), he effectively supports and strengthens the case that Mr. W. W. Greg set forth most ably in "The Library"; indeed, the evidence is now so clear and convincing that no scholar who values his reputation can continue to offer further resistance.

THE ROYAL RIVER.

"The Story of the Thames." By the late J. E. Vincent. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

TO write a good guide-book or itinerary is surely one of the most difficult tasks which can be set to a man of letters; to begin with, the author must be equipped with all that wealth of local and trivial detail which marks the true antiquary, yet he must possess such a sense of proportion and feeling for the broad stream of history as is generally antipathetic to the persistence of the antiquary over trifles and his preoccupation with the letter of the past. He must also be a man of science, or much of the scenery and many of the aspects of the country which might be made of the liveliest interest to the reader will be sealed books to him; for similar reasons he should be something of a sportsman. He must somehow know the topography of his district personally and lovingly; it will not suffice to get it up by a series of journeys made for the purpose; it ought to have been a hobby of long standing. With and above all this the writer must be an artist, appreciative of the associations and sensitive to the beauties of his playground, yet equally sensitive to the flatness born of an excess of adjectives and appreciative of the boredom brought about by a record of trivial impressions.

If such a combination of qualifications may well be deemed to be impossible, this book shows that

the ideal is not wholly unrealisable when an English gentleman of education and culture at last gathers together the recollections of many years' traffickings in one of his beloved haunts. The author, the late editor of "Country Life", did not live to see the proofs of his book, a book which speaks in every chapter of thirty years' enjoyment of Thames-side by a man singularly equipped by his training and sympathies to blend with his delight in sport and the open air both a keen sense of natural beauty and an intellectual interest in the past and present history of the country. Of course, from the historical and antiquarian point of view the Thames has been well written up, and without any special research a man may put together from readily accessible books many vivid episodes which are local to the Thames valley, but which illuminate their period of English history. Oxford, Windsor and London belong, as it were, to the commonplace texture of history; but where else in England will the Civil War be brought more home to one than about the upper river?—the skirmishes at the bridges—Radcot, Newbridge, Cropredy; Burford, with its memories of Falkland and the Lenthalls; Ewelme again, from which it is no long walk to Chalgrove Field where Hampden fell. The lower reaches are instinct with the eighteenth century—Pope and Garrick, Walpole and Caroline of Anspach; from Windsor downwards the Thames traveller may remind himself and be reminded of pretty nearly everything and everyone of consequence in that most unspiritual but comfortably human of centuries. Nineteenth-century memories chiefly cluster round the lower reaches still—Putney, Hammersmith, Chelsea—though its two modern and, saving Spenser, its greatest poets belong to the upper waters of the Thames. All the exquisite winding stream from Godstow to Newbridge, still shy retreats and retired ground, are now ennobled and made for ever fair by Matthew Arnold's verse, and if Mr. Bridges has been less topographical, there are plunging weir pools and smooth sweeps of down in the Streatley country which will always owe an added grace to him. But if we allow ourselves to begin to enumerate the pearls which are strung together along Thames-side we shall forget Mr. Vincent's book, and it is much too charming a production to be passed over. The note of the book is set by the illustrations—they are neither photographs nor intensely chromatic colour-prints, but reproductions from various series of engravings, "Picturesque Views", published between 1791 and 1828. Alive as Mr. Vincent is to the delights of the river to-day, it is the flavour of the older world that he is always seeking to recapture, and he is never so happy as when he is showing, as in his extracts from Mrs. Powys' diary, that the Thames has always been a pleasure stream. Another feature of interest in the book is the discussion of the many Navigation Acts under which the river has been administered, and the accounts of how the locks and cuts have come to be, in the course of which the very unjustly abused body, the Thames Conservancy, gets its case very fairly presented. Mr. Vincent's book may claim to be a guide-book, probably the best one that has been written for the Thames, but it is also a book, and will form not only one of the pleasantest of companions on a river journey but an ever-ready friend for any dweller, temporary or permanent, by Thames-side.

NOVELS.

"The Caravaners." By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

The title is in the plural, but the weakness and occasional weariness of the book results from its being concerned too exclusively with a single character, and being written with a mild ferocity to expose his infirmities. Major Otto von Ottringel, a German baron, is the unfortunate gentleman, and, by dubbing him the author of the book, he is made to appear as his own executioner, revealing on every page his futility, pompous ignorance, snobbishness, provincialism, and

domestic absurdity. The rest of the party serve only to exhibit his arrogance and stupidity in the most unbecoming light, and consequently only incidentally acquire any kind of entity; we never see them in relation to each other save at a distance, and pending the Baron's effort to interpose with some fatuous misconception. He would be more amusing if he were not so ridiculous, and he would be much more amusing if there were much less of him. The humour of his absurdities is extracted so often that we lose all taste for it, and even begin, before the end, to resent so relentless an exploitation. The ignorant reader who learns to regard him as a typical German soldier will make as big a mistake about his nation as the Baron made about ours, and of that fact the author must have been perfectly aware however much she may have suffered from the type which she has drawn. The German officer with whom one has been professionally acquainted has never been the gross, ignorant, greedy, discourteous, uncompanionable creature which is here depicted. If in his views of the other sex he has seemed sometimes oriental, and been somewhat overpoweringly obsessed by military ideals, to reveal him, caravanning, as worse than a Turk and foretasting at every stage the savour of conquered England, is to detract both from the humour and the instruction which he might afford. Not that there is any lack of humour on almost every page of the book; but there is too pronounced a sameness in the note of it, and a sense, for all its cleverness and apparent suavity, of its having been extracted by exasperated nerves. The portrait fails likewise in consistency, for, the Baron being writer and commentator, the author has, despite his elemental stupidity, to entrust him with the delivery of her own good things as well as of his own banalities. Thus on the same page we find him remarking that "No woman (except, of course, my wife) shall ever be able to say I have not behaved to her as a gentleman should", and reflecting that "A socialist, as far as I can make out, is a person who may never sit down. If he does, the bleak object he calls the community immediately becomes vocal, because it considers that by sitting down he is cheating it of what he would be producing by his labour if he did not". Her heavy-handed slaughter of the Baron leaves the author with few opportunities for that light pleasantry in dealing with life by which she has been distinguished, and clever though the manner is with which in English she imitates a Teutonic diction, we would willingly sacrifice it for a few of those delicate felicities in recording her observations which she first gave us in the "German Garden".

"With the Merry Austrians." By Amy McLaren. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

This novel is of interest rather on account of its pleasant picture of (hotel) life in the Austrian Tyrol than because there is anything remarkable about the story, which is in the main the old one of two men and a woman, prettily written. Such action as there is takes place in and about the Hôtel Pension Schloss Waldhof; and there is also an avalanche, an excursion to the Dolomites and Cortina, and a very amusing sketch of a boarding-house busybody.

"John Thorndyke's Cases." By R. Austin Freeman. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 3s. 6d.

Here are eight readable detective stories by the inevitable admiring medical friend and follower of the principal sleuth-hound. In the best of them an innocent person is invariably arrested by obtuse but well-meaning police officers, and the case for the prosecution demolished more or less dramatically by the superior science of John Thorndyke, lecturer on medical jurisprudence at S. Margaret's Hospital.

POINTS FOR CAMPAIGNERS.

"Campaign Points." Reprinted from the "Standard". London: The Standard Newspapers Ltd. 1909. 3d.

If a supplement to the "Saturday Handbook" be necessary—and where topics like Tariff Reform, covering so many points of doubt and difficulty, are concerned we cannot be too

fully informed—then we do not hesitate to recommend this brochure, well entitled "Campaign Points." Tariff Reform has to stand or fall by hard facts. A sixty years' old fiscal system will only be abandoned if it can be proved up to the hilt that its usefulness is spent. That there is something wrong somewhere, that England with all her wealth should have the largest percentage of unemployed, that with all the skill and industry of her artisans she should lose her lead in the commercial race, makes explanation imperative. Why is it that when trade throughout the world begins to revive England responds last to the call? How is it that Germany and the United States have gone ahead so fast while Great Britain has relatively gone back, notwithstanding the overwhelming advantages which were hers at the outset? These are the questions which the man who does not choose to regard everything as for the best because he lives under one half of an ideal fiscal system, asks himself; and the answer will be found in this admirable series of points. The particular value of the pamphlet is that in most cases the facts it sets out are a categorical reply to free trade assertions and assumptions. Whether it be in regard to bread or chocolate, to iron or leather, the data in almost every case have been collected to expose a free trade fallacy or dispose of a fiscal reformer's doubts. In half a page we may learn the effect of an anti-dumping law; or how world tariffs, combined with competitive skill, have destroyed England's supremacy as a manufacturer; or, again, how tariffs have assisted protectionist rivals in flat contradiction of the theory that tariffs kill exports. By the way, in section 24, page 23, the dates 1904-8, 1894-8, dealing with leather, have been trans-

(Continued on p. 760.)

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posed by the printer; the text makes this quite clear, but the speaker who takes his facts and figures from the pamphlet must be on his guard against this purely mechanical slip. There is much besides tariff reform; the points against the Budget are numerous and equally well done. The Budget not only does nothing to bring the empire into closer relations; it keeps bolted and barred the door which the Government slammed; its alternative, tariff reform, would realise that Imperial commercial union which is the one great opportunity for the people of the British Isles in the twentieth century. The Colonies have saved us from absolute disaster, and the appeal of "Campaign Points" is to all who would seize an occasion that may not come again till the foreigner with his remorseless tariffs has done so much harm to British industry and got so firm a hold of Colonial markets that it cannot be utilised to the full. Tariff Reform, as shown in this pamphlet, means a big gun for battering down hostile walls; it means the material improvement of the Colonial market—our best, if judged by population; it means a minimum net yield of 16,000,000*l.* or 17,000,000*l.* to the revenue on a much more businesslike and reasonable computation than that made by Mr. Haldane and endorsed by the President of the Board of Trade. "Campaign Points" provides a goodly number of hard nuts on which the friends of the Government will break their teeth if they try to crack them.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Mother's Companion." By M. A. Cloudeley Brereton. London: Mills and Boon. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

This book has been written for the series published by Messrs. Mills and Boon under the general title of the "Companion Series". Sir Lauder Brunton writes a preface, in which he very correctly speaks of the keynote of the volume as "a plea for the training of woman for the career of wifehood and motherhood". Mrs. Brereton has all the qualifications for writing on a subject which in unfit hands would fall into triviality, absurdity, or offensiveness, and, most likely of all, into the doing of harm. If the writer of a book of this kind does not do exactly the right thing, the book is not only a failure but an impertinence, so intimate and personal are the matters upon which she commits herself to advise and reprove her fellow women. The modern woman is not the kind of person for whom the "Mother's Companion" of half a century ago is now possible. Social, political, and economic questions about the various classes of women have become as important as those about the various classes of men. For physiology and psychology, both from the race and the individual standpoint, women have become more interesting than men, no doubt because the larger study of them is new. A well-qualified woman like Mrs. Brereton talking to women about themselves in this era is therefore a light on the obscurity to men as well. On some points the book is as suggestive to men as it is to women, and it will inform them of some things even about economics which women know better. We must not be thought to mean that the book is mainly sociological. Mrs. Brereton speaks simply and directly to women as wives and mothers on intimate matters, physical, mental, and domestic. Women who would welcome the opportunity of talking to a woman of trained intelligence and practical experience would be glad to read this book.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XXII. Supplement. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

The great re-issue is at an end, and we hope has met with the support from the public and the libraries which so admirable an undertaking merited. It was a big thing to put the Dictionary in hand at all; it was certainly no small thing to face the risks involved in a new and cheaper edition. A work which in its cheapest form costs £16 10s. can hardly be regarded as a commercial proposition, as the Americans would say, but when it renders national service as the "Dictionary of National Biography" does, it should at least find a sufficient number of subscribers to prevent any loss to the enterprising firm which puts it on the market. If every library, public and private, which should have the Dictionary on its shelves has taken a copy, then perhaps merit has not been its own reward. We ought to welcome the work if only for the tribute it pays to the national genius. And the supplement shows that all the giants were not of the centuries preceding the nineteenth. Here we have biographies of men like Ruskin and Browning, of Froude and Sullivan, of Burne Jones and Jowett, of Max Müller and Huxley, of John Bright and Gladstone, and many others. The Supplement opens with Leslie Stephen's account of George Smith, to whose public spirit we owe the Dictionary, and almost closes with Mr. Sidney Lee's one hundred and ten pages on Queen Victoria—certainly not the least notable volume of this very notable work.

"Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages", by H. A. Guerber (Harrap, 7s. 6d. net).—Perhaps Mr. Guerber rather grandiloquently adds to his title "Their Origin and Influence on Literature and Art", but in his introductions to the stories and the "General Survey of Romance Literature" he certainly does give much information which helps the general reader to understand how the popular mediæval legends grew up and how they entered into the literature and history of all the modern European nations. The book contains a very copious selection from the Teutonic legends, such as the Niebelungenlied, those of Charlemagne and those connected with the Holy Grail, and from the Arthurian cycle. They are not only stirring stories of war and love and of the miraculous, but a kind of knowledge of mediæval life and thought with which everyone interested in history and literature ought to be in some measure acquainted. Mr. Guerber has had in view an intelligent class of readers who desire something beyond mere story-telling, and he has provided them with something not too learned and yet not superficially popular. The book is handsome, and has a large number of artistic photographs of pictures.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Decembre.

Among several articles of considerable power we think M. Leroy-Beaulieu's on the Fiscal Revolution in France and England will most repay attention by English readers at the present crisis. The writer is equally severe on Mr. Lloyd George and M. Cocheret. As an economist of the straightest sect his conclusions will hardly be welcome to either party in this country. He demands a rigid orthodoxy in taxation which is not possible under present conditions considering the increasing demands on the public purse. Nevertheless his criticism of the proposed methods deserves close consideration. M. Bertrand's study of the political troubles in Barcelona and their probable outcome, though too friendly to the Catalans, deserves attention. He says Catalonia is the most progressive part of Spain, which is true, and that she believes she can impose her ideas on the rest of the country, which is doubtful.

CHURCH HISTORY.

"The Story of W. J. E. Bennett." By F. Bennett. London: Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

Tractarianism was thought out by devout students, but translated into action by energetic parish priests like "Bennett of Frome". The Frome part of the story, however, is less absorbing than the earlier scenes in Knightsbridge and Pimlico. There was throwing of rotten eggs and oranges in the little Somerset town at first, and the "Times" declared that private patronage ought to be abolished when the Marchioness of Bath faced a Protestant mob side by side with her presentee. However, Frome-Selwood, though described a generation earlier as "a town unhappily proverbial for its mongrel Churchmen and liberalising religionists", soon learnt to love and rally round its uncompromising, but by no means unconciliatory, vicar. Bennett's real heartbreaking troubles had been in London. His own Oxford days had been pre-Tractarian—he went up from Westminster in 1823—and it was some time after his ordination before he came under the influence of "Puseyism". At his appointment to the new district of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the spiritual destitution of the latter was appalling, yet the district was immensely wealthy. Bennett, without any "Christian-Socialist" posing, threw all the fire of his eloquence into shaming the rich out of their self-satisfaction. When, a year or two later, he was turned out of this church, which became so famous as St. Barnabas, Pimlico—not by mob violence, of which he was utterly fearless, but by Bishop Blomfield, in whose hands he had placed himself—the parishioners told the Bishop of "the great and almost unparalleled personal sacrifices by which Mr. Bennett placed the whole of his private fortune on the altar at the head of subscriptions for the extension of the Gospel to the poor". The ceremonies which had excited so much fury seem to us now incredibly trifling. But in 1847 a Liberal reaction against Tractarianism was in flood, Lord John Russell was hounding public opinion against "the unworthy sons of the Church of England", and Blomfield was now in a state of abject alarm. So Bennett went out into the cold, and the "Times" said next morning that it might "fairly count the spolia opima of Mr. Bennett as among the first substantial triumphs of the Protestant cause". But the Westminster Play, after Bennett's death in 1886, called him "cedendo victor". He was never a man to run away from force or bullying, and the letters in which he dresed down Lord John Russell (a parishioner) are almost worthy to rank with Law's letters to Hoadly. There was no modern cant about Bennett.

(Continued on p. 762.)

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He was a scholar and a gentleman, intensely beloved and respected, dignified in appearance and feeling, and his biographer pithily asks if he could possibly have had such influence had he been the new-style curate who dresses for a scrimmage like a harlequin and tells the lads of the parish to call him by his Christian name. " 'Popular' ", he adds, " is a word which, applied to a clergyman, makes one feel uncomfortable. It could not be applied to Mr. Bennett ".

" **The Mediæval Church and the Papacy.** " By Arthur C. Jennings. London: Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

This is as skilful a summary as one could have of the events of three and a half crowded centuries. But we are more than ever convinced that compendious history is false history. The impression is here given of a barbarous era, marked by universal greed, ambition and selfishness. Who could suppose that it was also the era of the most exquisite idealism and beauty, of immense construction in institutions, in the science of worship, in architecture, art and philosophy? The world has never seen such passionate response to any spiritual call, such saintly lives, such an ardour of unearthliness. Mr. Jennings is too good a scholar to hash up some of the old conventions, such as that popular liberties were the aim of Magna Charta and constitutionalism of the Statute of Præmunire. He also points out that, gross as were the abuses of " provision ", the Pope's nomination to high places in the Church was usually much better than the King's, and that the Præmunire and Provision Acts paved the way for the tyranny of Henry VIII. But Mr. Jennings is nevertheless rather a pronounced anti-clerical. His attack on Laud as a pompous, fussy little pedant sounds like the old Macaulay whiggery, as does what he says about Becket's stand against Henry II. having an aim which was " destructive to the Church's spiritual life " and having had a " remote connexion with religion in the modern sense ". It is, of course, perfectly arguable that the ecclesiastical theory of Church and State was more wrong than right. But the issue at stake was such an immense one that even a short history of the Mediæval Church and Papacy which leaves it unstated and almost unglanced at is bound to present a puzzle picture rather than a related whole. This issue is the key to the whole struggle from the Conquest to the Reformation. No one till towards the end questioned the apostolic authority in spiritual things of the See of Peter. Its authority over temporal matters was sometimes submitted to—especially when it was convenient—but more often resisted. Nevertheless, there was a constant and ever-growing tendency to oppose to ultra-Papalism the conception of the inherent sacredness of all government, but especially of regal government. The modern world has resigned itself to the final break-up of life's unity, stepping down perforce to a permanently lower level of idea. Mr. Jennings points out that the first time the House of Commons was invited to determine doctrinal questions was by the Lollards in 1395. The Commons, we may remark, would not have defined transubstantiation as a change of the " accidents ", as is done on page 70. Nor do we understand why " Let not a man contract with a relation of his former wife " was " one of the extraordinary prohibitions with which ecclesiasticism had environed liberty of marriage ". It is the present law of the Church of which Mr. Jennings is a priest. On page vii " Our story finds its halting place in 1185 " should read " in 1485 ".

" **The Reformation Period.** " By Henry Gee. London: Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

The English Reformation, if a necessary, was a very ugly business. The framework of the old Church was distorted, as Dr. Gee observes, almost beyond recognition, and the elements of spirituality, or even of greatness, in the people who forced it through are almost indiscernible. As for results, Henry—Clodius accusans mæchos—told his people before his death: " Charity was never so faint among you, and virtuous living was never less used, and God Himself among Christians was never less revered, honoured and served ". And, if possible, things were a good deal worse afterwards. What one of the Convocation prayers styles the " Sacrosancta Reformatio " was certainly not a second Pentecost. Yet it did put an end to an intolerable and immoral state of things, as well as to much that was lovely, gracious and of good report, and in spite of muddle and confusion the essentials of ecclesiastical and theological continuity were somehow preserved. Mary's first Repeal Act spoke of the things " which we and our forefathers found in this Church of England, to us left by the authority of the Catholic Church "—in ignorance of the theory of a new Church erected on the ruins of the old Ecclesia Anglicana. Henry's supremacy over the Church was not greater in theory, though more tyrannical, than that which the Conqueror and other Christian princes had claimed, and was much softened down under Elizabeth. As for the reformed body being merely a parliamentary Church, it is far from

the case that synodical forms were not observed or that Parliament itself compiled rules of worship and formularies of faith. And the reaction was every bit as Erastian as the Reformation. It was not till Elizabeth and the Stuarts that parliamentary invasion of the liberties of the Church was sharply checked. Cecil had advised that " the care of all things belonging to the State ecclesiastical be remitted to the clergy ". However, the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity made a bad beginning by interference with rubrical details. We confess we are totally unable to understand what so expert a writer as Dr. Gee means when he speaks, on page 217, of the Ornaments Rubrick of the 1559 Book as directly " opposed to the words of the Act ", and as a " revolutionary order " the legal authority for which can only be guessed at. The Rubrick is taken straight out of the Act, though with an unauthorised modification, the words of the Act being reproduced more accurately in our present Book. Again, when Dr. Gee says that the " Romanist " view of matrimony as a sacrament is unscriptural, we should have expected him to remember that it is called a sacrament in the English Homilies. Nor does it seem right to say that with the restoration in any place of the Mass " Holy Communion ceased ". Roman Catholics have always used the expression " receive Holy Communion ". Once more, why should the being given " power to celebrate Mass as well for the living as the dead " imply a greater sacerdotal " control over a man's spiritual life " than the present English formula of conferring priesthood: " Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained " ? Dr. Gee, however, is not a partisan. He speaks highly of the mediæval monasteries, is sensible of the losses entailed by the Reformation, and observes of the Papacy: " There is, perhaps, nothing inherent in the idea of papal government which is wrong in itself, and no unprejudiced student of Church history can deny the vast benefits of control, organisation, and development directly due to it ". This historical sketch of an unwieldy period is on the whole both lucid and fair. On p. 75 " put in use " is a misprint for " put in ure ", and on p. 126 " oration " should be " oraison ". In the phrase (p. 146) " matins, mass, evensong and procession ", it might have been useful to explain that the last word means the Litany.

For this Week's Books see page 764.

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ELYSEE PALACE HOTEL

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Elysée Palace Hotel Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Hodges, J.P. (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Stephen Gorrings) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said he regretted not being able to present a more satisfactory balance-sheet. They were feeling the effects of acute competition. "Another new hotel in our neighbourhood was opened, and, with those already in existence, this part of Paris seems, for the time, overdone; as a consequence, we have had less visitors both in the hotel and restaurant. Perhaps another reason is that a big wave of depression has spread over England and France, and America is only slowly recovering from her financial crisis of eighteen months ago. We find our visitors spend less per head, and seek to economise wherever possible in their daily expenditure." He trusted they had good grounds for hope that a change for the better was coming. "In the meantime we are doing our utmost to keep down expenses. Undoubtedly we shall effect a large saving in one item—namely, upkeep and maintenance. For the last five years we have been spending an average of £12,000, £4,000 of which has gone in alterations, additions, and reconstructions. This was necessary in order to keep ourselves in every way up to date. Especially has this been so in the matter of bathrooms, and I think I may now say we are thoroughly equipped, and have some 150 rooms with bath and lavatory en suite. As far as we can see, we have nothing more to do, and in the present year it is quite possible we may reduce this sum to £7,000; in other ways we hope to make savings without in any way lessening the high standard of our food and our cooking. We have also a new manager. With regard to the change of management, I may just explain that the agreement with Mr. Cesar, expired at the end of last September, and on his part he did not seek a renewal, wishing for a time to take things more easily. We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Ronacher as our manager. Mr. Ronacher has been for many years in charge of one of the best hotels in Europe, and comes to us with the highest credentials, and we have every confidence in his ability, feeling sure he will study the comfort of our visitors as well as the interest of our company. The trading profit, after charging £9,871 for maintenance and upkeep of the property, is £24,037, and the net profit, after deducting the fixed charges and administration expenses, and providing for the debenture stock redemption fund, is £1,001, and, with the £10,016 brought over from the previous year, shows a total credit to profit and loss account of £11,018, which the directors recommend shall be carried forward. With regard to the figures as to the profit for the year, I should like to point out that they are somewhat misleading, as we really show a profit on trading of £2,791. May I explain how I arrive at this? You will see a sum of £1,790 charged to debenture redemption account. These debentures are bought and cancelled; so that our debenture capital is reduced by that amount, and, as this process of redemption really amounts to a reserve, we are just this amount of £2,791 better off than last year. I now beg to move:

That the report and accounts for the year ended September 30, 1909, be received and adopted and entered on the minutes."

Mr. Davison Daisie, in seconding the resolution, said that the Elysée Palace Hotel had been a very successful enterprise. The company had paid in dividends during the nine years of its existence £134,146, which represented practically 47 per cent. of the capital. The directors themselves represented 80 per cent. of the entire share capital of the company.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

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As may be seen from the reports and the returns issued by the Mines Office, Bulawayo, the quantity of ore worked in proving the mine during the period from June, 1906, to April, 1908, was 2,383 tons, which yielded from crushing £3,914 15s. 3d., and by the application of cyanide process £992 5s. 10d. (the cyanide process only being employed for a portion of the period, i.e., starting in January, 1908), making a total of £4,907 1s. 1d., or a yield of £2 1s. 2d. per ton. The figures are only given up to the date mentioned, as since that time a large quantity of rubble turned out during the development work has been milled, naturally decreasing the return per ton for a short period.

The smallness of the tonnage dealt with is accounted for by the fact that, during the period under review, the mining for gold was not so much an object as the development of the mine, the opening up of the reef, and the proving of the property. For the greater portion of such period there was only a 2-stamp mill employed.

The directors have obtained reports on the property from Mr. T. J. Britten, M.I.M.E., A.M.I.C.E., and Mr. J. A. Fraser, late Claims Inspector of the British South Africa Company, which can be seen at the offices of the solicitors of this Company. The information given in the prospectus relating to the properties is taken from these reports.

Mr. J. A. Fraser estimates that having regard to the amount already expended and work done in proving and developing the mine, 15 stamps can now be erected and the mine brought to a producing stage for an expenditure of £9,000.

The directors propose using the additional capital provided by this issue on further development work, and when this is far enough ahead of the mill to erect a larger number of stamps and so increase the output.

PROPERTY.—There are four blocks of claims, known respectively as the Basch Reef Block, Basch Reef Extension Block, Basch Reef Double Bank Block, and Brass Reef Block.

Each block consists of 10 claims, forming an area of 1,500 ft., along the strike of the reef, by 600 ft. deep.

The Basch Reef and Basch Reef Extension Blocks adjoin each other, which give a lateral strike to the property of 3,000 ft.

The Basch Reef Double Bank Block has been pegged on the east boundary line of the two former-mentioned blocks.

The Brass Reef Block has been pegged at an approximate angle of 45 deg. from the western boundary line of the Basch Reef Block, the south-eastern corner peg being situated near the centre of the west boundary line of the former.

The lode which is being worked and developed runs through the Basch Reef and Extension Block in a northerly direction, and dipping at an angle of 65 deg. to the east.

The formation in which this lode is encased can be traced through the entire length of the property, viz., 3,000 ft., and outcrops of the lode itself can be found over the greater portion of the same length.

Over 1,300 ft. of driving and sinking has been done on this property to prove the width and value of the reef.

A cross-cut west to the footwall portion proves the lode to be quite 40 ft. thick. Drives on the footwall portion have been carried 64 ft. south and 41 ft. north, when prospecting cross-outs were carried east to the hanging-wall to confirm width of lode and test its value.

The reef has some of the characteristics of a contact lode, as through the greater length of its strike it has a granitic rock for both hanging and footwall, the former giving place to schists before entering the extension block. The length of strike has a good augury for permanency in depth, and the possibility of being a contact lode improves the chances of the values continuing in depth.

Sufficient work has been done upon the property to prove the existence of a payable lode, which has a strike of fully 600 ft., with an average width of 4 ft.

The following assay returns have been received from Mr. T. J. Britten:—

No. on Plan.	Width of Lode.	Value in dwts.	
1.	2 0	7.7	Taken in open working.
2.	2 6	4.5	" "
3.	3 0	4.0	" "
4.	4 0	15.7	Reef solid body.
5.	2 9	1.3	Reef split and broken.
6.	4 0	12.0	Reef compact body.
7.	7 0	4.5	Taken in stope drive.
8.	2 0	107.0	Taken in open working where foot lead branches off.
9.	4 0	3.2	End of south drive, 2nd level.
10.	4 0	29.5	Taken across 4 ft. of footwall of reef 40 ft. thick.
11.	4 0	6.5	Taken across 4 ft. of footwall of reef 40 ft. thick.

A sample of slimes dam assayed 3.5 dwts.

The above assays give an average of 18.8 dwts. per ton. Estimating value of same at 4s. per dwt., equal to £3 15s. 4d. per ton, and allowing working costs at 20s. per ton, this leaves a net profit of £2 15s. 4d. per ton, which on 90 tons per day for 330 days per annum, yields a net profit of £82,170 per annum.

The directors, however, base their calculations on an estimate of 11 dwts. per ton, and a 15-stamp battery being erected, with a capacity of 90 tons per day, which would give the following results:—

11 dwts. per ton, at say, 4s. per dwt., equals	£2 4s. per ton gross.
90 tons per day for 330 days per annum equals	25,700 tons per annum at £2 4s. per ton, equal to
Less working expenses, including administration, royalties, &c., on 29,700 tons per annum, at say, 20s. per ton	29,700

Leaving a net profit of £35,640

sufficient to pay a dividend of 30 per cent. per annum, and carry forward over £5,000 to reserve.

Under agreement Claud Francis Hooton Brookes and Edgar Granger, both of Bembesi, in the district of Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, who are the Vendors, have agreed to sell the aforesaid group of mines to this Company for £50,000, payable as to £25,000 in cash, or partly in cash, partly in shares, and £25,000 in fully-paid shares of the Company. The agreement further provides that this Company shall pay all costs, fees, and expenses of its incorporation, the increase of its capital, the promotion of or flotation of the Company, and the transfer of the property to the Company. The agreement also provides that the Vendors have the right to nominate two directors of this Company.

For full list of contracts entered into and the information given in accordance with the Companies' (Consolidation) Act, 1909, see full prospectus.

Of the shares now offered for subscription, 35,000 have been underwritten by the Mexican and Rhodesian Finance Syndicate, Limited, for a commission, payable by the Company, of £3,500 in cash and £5,000 in fully-paid shares. Part of the shares have been sub-underwritten, but all commission in respect of such sub-underwriting is payable by the syndicate.

Copies of the memorandum and articles of association and originals or copies of the reports and agreements can be seen at the offices of Messrs. Weldon and Edwards, the solicitors to the Company, at any time during business hours on the days on which the subscription list is open.

Application for shares should be made upon the form accompanying the full prospectus, and forwarded, together with a deposit of 1s. per share, to the bankers of the Company. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without reduction; if the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited to the amount due on allotment, and the excess (if any) returned. The Company will pay a brokerage of 6d. per share on all shares allotted on application forms bearing brokers' and approved agents' stamps.

It is intended in due course to apply to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a settlement in the Company's shares.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained of the Company's bankers, brokers, solicitors, and auditors, and at the offices of the Company.

To the Directors of THE BEMBESI GOLDFIELDS OF RHODESIA, Limited.

Please send me a copy of the prospectus issued by you, and dated 17th November, 1909, together with application form.

I enclose you cheque for £....., being 1s. per Share on Shares. Please reserve for me Shares, for which I will apply on receipt of form of Application.

Name in full.....

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